

The Corsair.

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THE LYRE.

[We have read many specimens of poetry written at an early age, and many that exhibited great precocity of poetic talent, but it has seldom fallen to our lot to peruse one containing so much of the divine spirit of poesy, and so harmoniously falling into delightful measures, as the sweet lines which follow. They were written by a young American gentleman in his sixteenth year, while a sophomore in College, and may safely challenge a comparison with any single effort of genius, composed at the same age, in the English language.]

There was a Lyre 'tis said, that hung
High waving in the summer air;
An angel hand its chords had strung,
And left to breathe its music there.

Each wandering breeze that o'er it flew
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain,
Than ever shell of Mermaid blew
In coral grottoes of the main.

When, springing from the rose's bell,
Where all night long he'd sweetly slept,
The zephyr left the flowery dell,
Bright with the tears, that morning wept.

He rose, and o'er the trembling Lyre
Waved lightly his soft azure wing;
What touch such music could inspire!
What harp such lays of joy could sing!

The murmurs of the shaded rills,
The birds that sweetly warbled by,
And the soft echo from the hills,
Were heard not where that harp was nigh.

When the last light of fading day
Along the bosom of the West,
In colours softly mingled lay,
While night had darkened all the rest,

There, softer than that fading light,
And sweeter than the lay that rung
Wild through the silence of the night
As solemn Philomela sung,

That harp its plaintive murmurs sigh'd,
Along the dewy breeze of even;
So clear and soft they swell'd and died,
They seem'd the echoed songs of Heaven.

Sometimes, when all the air was still,
And not the poplar's foliage trembled,
That harp was nightly heard to thrill
With tones, no earthly tones resembled.

And then upon the moon's pale beams,
Unearthly forms were seen to stray
Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams
Would oft around the wild harp play.

But soon the bloom of summer fled—
In earth and air it shone no more;
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead,
While skies their wintry sternness wore.

One day, loud blew the northern blast—
The tempest's fury raged along—
Oh! for some angel as they pass'd,
To shield the harp of heavenly song!

It shriek'd—how could it bear the touch,
The cold rude touch of such a storm,
When e'en the zephyr seem'd too much
Sometimes, though always light and warm.

It loudly shriek'd—but ah! in vain—
The savage wind more fiercely blew;

Once more—it never shriek'd again,
For every chord was torn in two.

It never thrilled with anguish more,
Though beaten by the wildest blast;
The pang that thus its bosom tore,
Was dreadful—but it was the last.

And though the smiles of summer played
Gently upon its shattered form,
And the light zephyrs o'er it stray'd,
That Lyre they could not wake or warm.

A PORTRAIT BY LORD BROUGHAM.

LORD CHATHAM.

There is hardly any man in modern times, with the exception, perhaps, of Lord Somers, who fills so large a space in our history, and of whom we know so little, as Lord Chatham; and yet he is the person to whom every one would at once point, if desired to name the most successful statesman and most brilliant orator that this country ever produced. Of Lord Somers, indeed, we can scarcely be said to know anything at all. That he was a person of unimpeachable integrity, a judge of great capacity and learning, a firm friend of liberty, but a cautious and safe counselor in most difficult emergencies, all are ready to acknowledge. But the authority which he possessed among his contemporaries, the influence which his sound and practical wisdom exercised over their proceedings, the services which he was thus enabled to render in steering the constitution safe through the most trying times, and saving us from arbitrary power without paying the price of our liberties in anarchy and bloodshed,—nay, conducting the whole proceedings of a revolution with all the deliberation, and almost in the forms, of an ordinary legal proceeding; have surrounded his name with a mild yet imperishable glory, which, in the contrast of our dark ignorance respecting all the particulars and details of his life, gives the figure something altogether mysterious and ideal. It is now unfortunately too late, by supplying this information, to fill up the outline which the meagre records of his time have left us. But it is singular how much of Lord Chatham, who flourished within the memory of the present generation, still rests upon vague tradition. As a statesman, indeed, he is known to us by the events which history has recorded to have happened under his administration. Yet even of his share in bringing these about, little has been preserved of detail. So, fragments of his speeches have been handed down to us, but these bear so very small a proportion to the prodigious fame which his eloquence has left behind it, that far more is manifestly lost than has reached us; while of his written compositions but a few letters have hitherto been given to the world.

The imperfect state of Parliamentary Reporting is the great cause of this blank. From the time of his entering the House of Commons to that of his quitting it, the privileges of Parliament almost wholly precluded the possibility of regular and full accounts of debates being communicated to the public. At one period they were given under feigned names, as if held in the Senate of Rome by the ancient orators and statesmen; at another they were conveyed under the initials only of the names borne by the real speakers. Even when, somewhat later, these disguises were thrown aside, the speeches were composed by persons who had not been present at the debates, but gleaned a few heads of each speaker's topics from some one who had heard him; and the fullest and most authentic of all those accounts are merely the meagre outline of the subjects touched upon, preserved in the Diaries or Correspondence of some contemporary politicians, and presenting not even an approximation to the execution of the orators. Thus many of Lord Chatham's earlier speeches in the House of Commons, as now preserved, were avowedly the composition of Dr. Johnson, whose measured style, formal periods, balanced antitheses, and total want of pure racy English, betray their author at every line, while each debater is made to speak exactly in the same manner. For some years after he ceased to report, or rather to manufacture, that is, from 1751 downwards, a Dr. Gordon furnished the newspapers with reports, consisting of much more accurate accounts of what had passed in debate, but without pretending to give more than the mere substance of the several speeches. The debates upon the American Stamp Act, in 1764, are the first that can be said to have been preserved at all, through the happy accident of Lord Charlemont, assisted by Sir Robert Deane, taking an extraordinary interest in the subject as bearing upon the grievances of Ireland; and accordingly they have handed down to us some notes, from internal evidence plainly authentic, of Lord Chatham's celebrated speeches upon that question. A few remains of his great displays in the House of Lords have, in like manner, been preserved, chiefly in the two speeches reported by Mr. Hugh Boyd; the second of which, the most celebrated of all, upon the employment of the Indians in the American war, there is reason to believe was revised and corrected by Lord Chatham himself; and if so, it was certainly the only one that ever underwent his revision. If any one will only compare the extreme slenderness of these grounds upon which to estimate a speaker's claim to renown, or to judge

of the characteristics of his eloquence, with the ample means which we have of studying the merits of almost all the ancient orators, and examining their distinguishing qualities, he will be sensible how much any idea which we can form of Lord Chatham's oratory must rest upon tradition, that is, upon the accounts left by contemporary writers of its effects; and how little we are enabled to judge for ourselves by examining the specimens that remain of his composition. It seems little short of presumption, after this statement, to attempt including his character as an orator in the sketch which may be given of this great man. But the testimony of contemporaries may so far be helped by what remains of the oratory itself, as to make some faint conceptions attainable of that eloquence which, for effect at least, has surpassed any known in modern times.

The first place among the great qualities which distinguished Lord Chatham, is unquestionably due to firmness of purpose, resolute determination in the pursuit of his objects. This was the characteristic of the younger Brutus, as he said, who had spared his life to fall by his hand—*Quicquid vult, id valde vult*; and although extremely apt to exist in excess, it must be admitted to be the foundation of all true greatness of character. Everything, however, depends upon the endowments in company of which it is found; and in Lord Chatham these were of a very high order. The quickness with which he could ascertain his object, and discover his road to it, was fully commensurate with his perseverance and his boldness in pursuing it; the firmness of grasp with which he held his advantage was fully equalled by the rapidity of the glance with which he discovered it. Add to this, a mind eminently fertile in resources; a courage which nothing could daunt in the choice of his means; a resolution equally indomitable in their application; a genius, in short, original and daring, which bounded over the petty obstacles raised by ordinary men—their squeamishness, and their precedents, and their forms, and their regularities—forced away its path through the entanglements of this base undergrowth to the worthy object ever in view, the prosperity and the renown of his country. Far superior to the paltry objects of a grovelling ambition, and regardless alike of party and of personal considerations, he constantly set before his eyes the highest duty of a public man, to further the interests of his species. In pursuing his course towards that goal, he disregarded alike the frowns of powers and the gales of popular applause, exposed himself undaunted to the vengeance of the Court, while he battled against its corruptions, and confronted, unappalled, the rudest shocks of public indignation, while he resisted the dictates of pernicious agitators, and could conscientiously exclaim, with an illustrious statesman of antiquity, "*Ego hoc animo semper fui ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam non invidiam putarem*!"

Nothing could be more entangled than the foreign policy of this country at the time when he undertook the supreme direction of her affairs; nothing could be more disastrous than the aspect of her fortunes in every quarter of the globe. With a single ally in Europe, the King of Prussia, and him beset by a combination of all the continental powers in unnatural union to effect his destruction; with an army of insignificant amount, and commanded by men only desirous of grasping at the emoluments, without doing the duties or incurring the risks of their profession; with a navy that could hardly keep the sea, and whose chiefs vied with their comrades on shore in earning the character given them by the new Minister,—of being utterly unfit to be trusted in any enterprise accompanied with the least appearance of danger; with a generally prevailing dislike of both services, which at once repressed all desire of joining either, and damped all public spirit in the country, by extinguishing all hope of success, and even all love of glory—it was hardly possible for a nation to be placed in circumstances more inauspicious to military exertions; and yet war raged in every quarter of the world where our dominion extended, while the territories of our only ally, as well as those of our own sovereign in Germany, were invaded by France, and her forces by sea and land menaced our shores. In the distant possessions of the Crown the same want of enterprise and of spirit prevailed. Armies in the West were paralysed by the inaction of a Captain who would hardly take the pains of writing a despatch to chronicle the nonentity of his operations; and in the East, while frightful disasters were brought upon our settlements by Barbarian powers, the only military capacity that appeared in their defence was the accidental display of genius and valor by a merchant's clerk, who thus raised himself to celebrity.* In this forlorn state of affairs, which rendered it as impossible to think of peace, as hopeless to continue the yet inevitable war, the base and sordid views of politicians kept pace with the mean spirit of the military caste; and parties were split or united, not upon any difference or agreement of public principle, but upon mere questions of patronage and of share in the public spoil, while all seemed alike actuated by one only passion the thirst alternately of power and of gain.

As soon as Mr. Pitt took the helm, the steadiness of the hand that held it was instantly felt in every motion of the vessel. There was no more of wavering counsels, of torpid inaction, of listless expectancy, of abject despondency. His firmness gave confidence, his spirit roused courage, his vigilance secured exertion, in every department under his sway. Each man, from the first Lord of the Admiralty down to the most humble clerk in the Victualling Office—each soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief to the most obscure contractor or commissary—now felt assured that he was acting or was indolent under the eye of one who knew his duties and his means as well as his own, and who would very certainly make all defaulters, whether through misfeasance or through nonfeasance, accountable for whatever detriment the commonwealth might sustain at their hands. Over his immediate coadjutors his influence swiftly obtained an ascendancy which it ever after retained uninterrupted. Upon his first proposition for changing the conduct of the war, he stood single among his colleagues, and tendered his resignation should they persist in their dissent; they at once succumbed, and from that hour ceased to have an opinion of their own upon any branch of the public affairs. Nay, so absolutely was he determined to have the control of those measures, of which he knew the responsibility rested on him alone, that he insisted upon the first Lord of the Admiralty not having the corres-

pondence of his own department; and no less eminent a naval character than Lord Anson, as well as his junior Lords, was obliged to sign the naval orders issued by Mr. Pitt, while the writing was covered over from their eyes!

The effects of this change in the whole management of the public business, and in all the plans of the Government, as well as in their execution, were speedily made manifest to the world. The German troops were sent home, and a well-regulated militia being established to defend the country, a large disposable force was distributed over the various positions whence the enemy might be annoyed. France, attacked on some points, and menaced on others, was compelled to retire from Germany, soon afterwards suffered the most disastrous defeats, and, instead of threatening England and her allies with invasion, had to defend herself against attack, suffering severely in several of her most important naval stations. No less than sixteen islands, and settlements, and fortresses of importance, were taken from her in America, and Asia, and Africa, including all her West Indian colonies, except St. Domingo, and all her settlements in the East. The whole important province of Canada was likewise conquered; and the Havannah was taken from Spain. Besides this, the seas were swept clear of the fleets that had so lately been insulting our colonies, and even our coasts. Many general actions were fought and gained; one among them the most decisive that had ever been fought by our navy. Thirty-six sail of the line were taken or destroyed; fifty frigates; forty-five sloops of war. So brilliant a course of uninterrupted success had never, in modern times, attended the arms of any nation carrying on war with other states equal to it in civilisation, and nearly a match in power. But it is a more glorious feature in this unexampled Administration which history has to record, when it adds, that all public distress had disappeared; that all discontent in any quarter, both of the colonies and parent state, had ceased; that no oppression was anywhere practised, no abuse suffered to prevail; that no encroachments were made upon the rights of the subject, no malversation tolerated in the possessors of power; and that England, for the first time and for the last time, presented the astonishing picture of a nation supporting without murmur a widely-extended and costly war, and a people, hitherto torn with conflicting parties, so united in the service of the commonwealth that the voice of faction had ceased in the land, and any discordant whisper was heard no more. "These" (said the son of his first and most formidable adversary, Walpole, when informing his correspondent abroad, that the session, as usual, had ended without any kind of opposition or even of debate).—"These are the doings of Mr. Pitt, and they are wondrous in our eyes!"

To genius irregularity is incident, and the greatest genius is often marked by eccentricity, as if it disdained to move in the vulgar orbit. Hence he who is fitted by his nature, and trained by his habits, to be an accomplished "pilot in extremity," and whose inclinations carry him forth "to seek the deep when the waves run high," may be found, if not "to steer too near the shore," yet to despise the sunken rocks which they that can only be trusted in calm weather would have more surely avoided. To this rule it cannot be said that Lord Chatham afforded any exception; and although a plot had certainly been formed to eject him from the Ministry, leaving the chief control of affairs in the feeble hands of Lord Bute, whose only support was Court favor, and whose chief talent lay in an expertness at intrigue, yet there can be little doubt that this scheme was only rendered practicable by the hostility which the great Minister's unbending habits, his contempt of ordinary men, and his neglect of every-day matters, had raised against him among all the creatures both of Downing-street and St. James's. In fact, his colleagues, who necessarily felt humbled by his superiority, were needlessly mortified by the constant display of it; and it would have betokened a still higher reach of understanding, as well as a purer fabric of patriotism, if he, whose great capacity threw those subordinates into the shade, and before whose vigor in action they were sufficiently willing to yield, had united a little suavity in his demeanor with his extraordinary powers, nor made it always necessary for them to acknowledge as well as to feel their inferiority. It is certain that the insulting arrangement of the Admiralty, to which reference has been already made, while it lowered that department in the public opinion, rendered all connected with it his personal enemies; and, indeed, though there have since his days been Prime Ministers whom he would never have suffered to sit even as *puisé* lords at his boards, yet were one like himself again to govern the country, the Admiralty chief, who might be far inferior to Lord Anson, would never submit to the humiliation inflicted upon that gallant and skilful captain. Mr. Pitt's policy seemed formed upon the assumption that either each public functionary was equal to himself in boldness, activity, and resource, or that he was to preside over and animate each department in his own person. Such was his confidence in his own powers, that he reversed the maxim of governing, never to force your way where you can win it; and always disdained to insinuate where he could dash in, or to persuade where he could command. It thus happened that his colleagues were but nominally coadjutors, and though they durst not thwart him, yet rendered no heart-service to aid his schemes. Indeed it has clearly appeared since his time that they were chiefly induced to yield him implicit obedience, and leave the undivided direction of all operations in his hands, by the expectation that the failure of what they were wont to sneer at as "Mr. Pitt's visions" would turn the tide of public opinion against him, and prepare his downfall from a height of which they felt that there was no one but himself able to dispossess him.

The true test of a great man—that at least which must secure his place among the highest order of great men—is his having been in advance of his age. That it is which decides whether or not he has carried forward the grand plan of human improvement; has conformed his views and adapted his conduct to the existing circumstances of society, or changed those so as to better its condition; has been one of the lights of the world, or only reflected the borrowed rays of former luminaries, and sat in the same shade with the rest of his generation at the same twilight on the same dawn. Tried by this test, the younger Pitt cannot certainly be said to have lived before his time, or shed upon the age to which he belonged the illumination of a more advanced civilisation and more inspired philosophy. He came far too early into public life, and was too suddenly

* Mr. Clive, afterwards Lord Clive.

plunged into the pool of office, to give him time for the study and the reflection which can alone open to any mind, how vigorous soever may be its natural constitution, the views of a deep and original wisdom. Accordingly, it would be difficult to glean, from all his measures and all his speeches, anything like the fruits of inventive genius; or to mark any token of his mind having gone before the very ordinary routine of the day, as if familiar with the ideas that did not pass through the most vulgar understandings. His father's intellect was of a higher order; he had evidently, though without much education, and with no science of any kind, yet reflected deeply upon the principles of human action, well studied the nature of men, and pondered upon the structure of society. His reflections frequently teem with the fruits of such meditation, to which his constantly feeble health perhaps gave rise rather than any natural proneness to contemplative life, from whence his taste must have been alien; for he was eminently a man of action. His appeals to the feelings and passions were also the result of the same reflective habits, and the acquaintance with the human heart which they had given him. But if we consider his opinions, though liberal and enlightened upon every particular question, they rather may be regarded as felicitous from their adaptation to the actual circumstances in which he was called upon to advise or to act, than as indicating that he had seen very far into future times, and anticipated the philosophy which further experience should teach to our more advanced age of the world. To take two examples from the two subjects upon which he had both thought the most, and been the most strenuously engaged in handling practically as a statesman,—our relations with France and with America:—The old and narrow notions of natural enmity with the one, and natural sovereignty over the other, were the guides of his whole opinions and conduct in those great arguments. To cultivate the relations of peace with our nearest neighbor, as the first of blessings to both nations, each being able to do the other most good in amity and most harm in hostility, never appears to have entered into the system of policy enlightened by that fiery soul, which could only see the glory or even safety in the precarious and transient domination bestowed by a successful war. To become the fast friends of those colonies which we had planted and long retained under our protecting government, and thus both to profit ourselves and them the more by suffering them to be as independent as we are, was an idea that certainly could not be said once to have crossed his impetuous and uncompromising mind; for it had often been entertained by him, but only to be rejected with indignation and abhorrence, as if the independence of America were the loss of our national existence. Upon all less important questions, whether touching our continental or our colonial policy, his opinion was to the full as sound, and his views as enlarged, as those of any statesman of his age; but it would not be correct to affirm that on those, the cardinal, and therefore the trying, points of the day, he was materially in advance of his own times.

If we turn from the statesman to survey the orator, our examination must be far less satisfactory, because our materials are extremely imperfect, from the circumstances already adverted to. There is indeed hardly any eloquence, of ancient or of modern times, of which so little that can be relied on as authentic has been preserved; unless perhaps that of Pericles, Julius Cæsar, and Lord Bolingbroke. Of the actions of the two first we have sufficient records, as we have of Lord Chatham's; of their speeches we have little that can be regarded as genuine; although, by unquestionable tradition, we know that each of them was second only to the greatest orator of their respective countries;* while of Bolingbroke we only know, from Dean Swift, that he was the most accomplished speaker of his time; and it is related of Mr. Pitt (the younger), that when the conversation rolled upon lost works, and some said they should prefer restoring the books of Livy, some of Tacitus, and some a Latin tragedy, he at once decided for a speech of Bolingbroke. What we know of his own father's oratory is much more to be gleaned from contemporary panegyrics, and accounts of its effects, than from the scanty, and for the most part doubtful, remains which have reached us.

All accounts, however, concur in representing those effects to have been prodigious. The spirit and vehemence which animated its greater passages—their perfect application to the subject-matter of debate—the appositeness of his invective to the individual assailed—the boldness of the feats which he ventured upon—the grandeur of the ideas which he unfolded—the heart-stirring nature of his appeals,—are all confessed by the united testimony of his contemporaries; and the fragments which remain bear out to a considerable extent such representations; nor are we likely to be misled by those fragments, for the more striking portions were certainly the ones least likely to be either forgotten or fabricated. To these mighty attractions was added the imposing, the animating, the commanding power of a countenance singularly expressive; an eye so piercing that hardly any one could stand its glare; and a manner altogether singularly striking, original, and characteristic, notwithstanding a peculiarly defective and even awkward action. Latterly, indeed, his infirmities precluded all action; and he is described as standing in the House of Lords leaning upon his crutch, and speaking for ten minutes together in an under-tone of voice scarcely audible, but raising his notes to their full pitch when he broke out into one of his grand bursts of invective or exclamation. But, in his earlier time, his whole manner is represented as having been beyond conception animated and imposing. Indeed the things which he effected principally by means of it, or at least which nothing but a most striking and commanding tone could have made it possible to attempt, almost exceeded belief. Some of these sallies are indeed examples of that approach made to the ludicrous by the sublime, which has been charged upon him as a prevailing fault, and represented under the name of *Charlatanerie*,—a favorite phrase with his adversaries, as in later times it has been with the ignorant undervaluers of Lord Erskine. It is related that once in the House of Commons he began a speech with the words "Sugar, Mr. Speaker,"—and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and

swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word "Sugar!" three times, and having thus quelled the house, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?" We have the anecdote upon good traditional authority; that it was believed by those who had the best means of knowing Lord Chatham is certain; and this of itself shows their sense of the extraordinary powers of manner, and the reach of his audacity in trusting to those powers.

There can be no doubt that of reasoning,—of sustained and close argument,—his speeches had but little. His statements were desultory, though striking, perhaps not very distinct, certainly not at all detailed, and as certainly every way inferior to those of his celebrated son. If he did not reason cogently, he assuredly did not compress his matter vigorously. He was anything rather than a concise or a short speaker; not that his great passages were at all diffuse, or in the least degree loaded with superfluous words; but he was prolix in the whole texture of his discourse, and he was certainly the first who introduced into our senate the practice, adopted in the American war by Mr. Burke, and continued by others, of long speeches,—speeches of two and three hours, by which oratory has gained little, and business less. His discourse was, however, fully informed with matter; his allusions to analogous subjects, and his references to the history of past events, were frequent; his expression of his own opinions was copious and free, and stood very generally in the place of any elaborate reasoning in their support. A noble statement of enlarged views, a generous avowal of dignified sentiments, a manly and somewhat severe contempt for all petty or mean views—whether their baseness proceeded from narrow understanding or from corrupt bias—always pervaded his whole discourse; and, more than any other orator since Demosthenes, he was distinguished by the grandeur of feeling with which he regarded, and the amplitude of survey which he cast upon the subject-matters of debate. His invective was unsparing and hard to be endured, although he was a less eminent master of sarcasm than his son, and rather overwhelmed his antagonist with the burst of words and vehement indignation, than wounded him by the edge of ridicule, or tortured him with the gall of bitter scorn, or fixed his arrow in the wound by the barb of epigram. These things seemed, as it were, to betoken too much labor and too much art—more labor than was consistent with absolute scorn—more art than could stand with heartfelt rage, or entire contempt inspired by the occasion, at the moment, and on the spot. But his great passages, those by which he has come down to us, those which gave his eloquence its peculiar character, and to which its dazzling success was owing, were as sudden and unexpected as they were natural. Every one was taken by surprise when they rolled forth—every one felt them to be so natural, that he could hardly understand why he had not thought of them himself, although into no one's imagination had they ever entered. If the quality of being natural without being obvious is a pretty correct description of felicitous expression, or what is called fine writing, it is a yet more accurate representation of fine passages, or felicitous *hits* in speaking. In these all popular assemblies take boundless delight; by these above all others are the minds of an audience at pleasure moved or controlled. They form the grand charm of Lord Chatham's oratory; they were the distinguishing excellence of his great predecessor, and gave him at will to wield the fierce demagogue of Athens, and to fulmine over Greece.

It was the sagacious remark of one of the most acute of critics,* as well as historical inquirers, that criticism never would be of any value until critics cited innumerable examples. In sketching the character of Lord Chatham's oratory this becomes the more necessary, that so few now living can have any recollection of it, and that all our knowledge of its peculiar nature rests upon a few scattered fragments. There is, however, some security for our deducing from these a correct notion of it, because they certainly, according to all accounts, were the portions of his discourse which produced the most extraordinary effect, on which its fame rests, and by which its quality is to be ascertained. A few of these may, therefore, be referred to in closing the present imperfect outline of this great man's eloquence.

His remark on confidence, when it was asked by the ministry of 1766. for whom he had some forbearance rather than any great respect, is well known. He said their characters were fair enough, and he was always glad to see such persons engaged in the public service; but, turning to them with a smile, very courteous, but not very respectful, he said—"Confide in you? Oh no—you must pardon me, gentlemen—youth is the season of credulity—confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom!"

Some one, having spoken of "the obstinacy of America," said "that she was almost in open rebellion." Mr. Pitt exclaimed, "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to let themselves be made slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest!"—Then, speaking of the attempt to keep her down—"In a just cause of quarrel you may crush America to atoms; but in this crying injustice!" (Stamp Act)—"I am one who will lift up my hands against it—In such a cause even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace—to sheath the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?"—It was in this debate that Mr. Burke first spoke, and Mr. Pitt praised his speech in very flattering terms.

"Those iron barons (for so I may call them when compared with the silken barons of modern days) were the guardians of the people; and three words of their barbarous Latin, *nullus liber homo*, are worth all the classics. Yet their virtues were never tried in a question so important as this." (The Pretension of Privilege in the House of Commons)—"A breach is made in the Constitution—the battlements are dismantled—the citadel is open to the first invader—the walls totter—the place is no longer tenable—what then remains for us but to stand foremost in the breach, to

* Thucydides gives three speeches of Pericles, which he may very possibly have in great part composed for him. Sallust's speech of Cæsar is manifestly the writer's own composition; indeed, it is in the exact style of the one he puts into Cato's mouth, that is, in his own style.

* Hume—Essays

repair it, or to perish in it!—Unlimited power corrupts the possessor; and this I know, that where law ends, there tyranny begins."

In reference to the same subject, the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes, he exclaimed in a subsequent debate—"The Constitution at this moment stands violated. If the breach be effectually repaired the people will return to tranquillity of themselves. If not, let discord reign for ever!—I know to what point my language will appear directed. But I have the principles of an Englishman, and I utter them without fear or reserve. Rather than the Constitution should be tamely given up, and our birthright be surrendered to a despotic Minister, I hope, my Lords, old as I am, that I shall see the question brought to an issue, and fairly tried between the people and the Government." Again he said—"Magna Charta—the Petition of Right—the Bill of Rights—form the Bible of the English Constitution. Had some of the King's unhappy predecessors trusted less to the Commentary of their advisers, and been better read in the Text itself, the glorious Revolution might have remained only possible in theory, and their fate would not now have stood upon record, a formidable example to all their successors."—"No man more than I respects the just authority of the House of Commons—no man would go farther to defend it. But beyond the line of the Constitution, like every exercise of arbitrary power, it becomes illegal, threatening tyranny to the people, destruction to the state. Power without right is the most detestable object that can be offered to the human imagination; it is not only pernicious to those whom it subjects, but works its own destruction. *Res detestabilis et caduca*. Under pretence of declaring law, the Commons have made a law, a law for their own case, and have united in the same persons the offices of legislator and party and judge."

These fine passages, conveying sentiments so noble and so wise, may be read with advantage by the present House of Commons when it shall again be called on to resist the Judges of the land, and to break its laws, by opening a shop for the sale of libels.

His character—drawn, he says, from long experience—of the Spaniards, the high-minded chivalrous Castilians, we believe to be just as it is severe. Speaking of the affair of Falkland's Island, he said,—"They are as mean and crafty as they are insolent and proud. I never yet met with an instance of candor or dignity in their proceedings; nothing but low cunning, artifice, and trick. I was compelled to talk to them in a peremptory language. I submitted my advice for an immediate war to a trembling council. You all know the consequences of its being rejected."—"The speech from the throne had stated that the Spanish Government had disowned the act of its officer. Lord Chatham said—"There never was a more odious, a more infamous falsehood imposed on a great nation. It degrades the King, it insults the Parliament. His Majesty has been advised to affirm an absolute falsehood. My Lords, I beg your attention, and I hope I shall be understood when I repeat, that it is an absolute, a palpable falsehood. The King of Spain disowns the thief, while he leaves him unpunished, and profits by his theft. In vulgar English, he is the receiver of stolen goods, and should be treated accordingly." How would all the country, at least all the canting portion of it, resound with the cry of "Coarse! vulgar! brutal!" if such epithets and such comparisons as these were used in any debate now-a-days, whether among the "silken barons," or the "squeamish Commons" of our time!

In 1775 he made a most brilliant speech on the war. Speaking of General Gage's inactivity, he said it could not be blamed; it was inevitable. "But what a miserable condition," he exclaimed, "is ours, where disgrace is prudence, and where it is necessary to be contemptible! You must repeal these acts," (he said, alluding to the Boston Ports and Massachusetts Bay Bills,) "and you will repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed." Every one knows how true this prophecy proved. The concluding sentence of the speech has often been cited,—"If the ministers persevere in misleading the King, I will not say that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm that they will make the crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the King is betrayed; but I will pronounce that the kingdom is undone."

Again, in 1777, after describing the cause of the war and "the traffic and barter driven with every little pitiful German Prince that sells his subjects to the shambles of a foreign country," he adds, "The mercenary aid on which you rely irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your enemies, whom you overrun with the sordid sons of rapine and of plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never! never! never!" Such language, used in the modern days of ultra loyalty and extreme decorum, would call down upon his head who employed it the charge of encouraging rebels, and partaking as an accomplice in their treasons.

It was upon this memorable occasion that he made the famous reply to Lord Suffolk, who had said, in reference to employing the Indians, that "we were justified in using all the means which God and nature had put into our hands." The circumstance of Lord Chatham himself having revised this speech is an inducement to insert it here at length.

"I am astonished," exclaimed Lord Chatham, as he rose, "shocked, to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed, in this House or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian."

"My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon, as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions, standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. *That God and nature put into our hands!*—I know not what idea that Lord may entertain of God and nature, but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife, to the cannibal-savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating; literally, my Lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every pre-

cept of religion, divine and natural, and every generous feeling of humanity; and, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honor; they shock me as a lover of honorable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity."

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand my most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of the Church: I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this Learned Bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the learned Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at THE DISGRACE OF HIS COUNTRY! In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion of his country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery and the Inquisition, if these more than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us, to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child—to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? Against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war*. Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America, and we improve on the inhuman example of even Spanish cruelty: we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry; and I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy Prelates of our religion to do away these iniquities from among us; let them perform a lustration—let them purify this House and this country from this sin."

"My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and my indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, or have reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."

There are other celebrated passages of his speeches in all men's mouths. His indignant and contemptuous answer to the Minister's boast of driving the Americans before the army—"I might as well think of driving them before me with this crutch!"—is well known. Perhaps the finest of them all is his allusion to the maxim of English law, that every man's house is his castle. "The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the forces of the Crown. It may be frail—its roof may shake—the wind may blow through it—the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter!—all his force dares not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!"

These examples may serve to convey a pretty accurate idea of the peculiar vein of eloquence which distinguished this great man's speeches. It was of the very highest order; vehement, fiery, close to the subject, concise, sometimes eminently, even boldly figurative: it was original and surprising, yet quite natural. To call it argumentative would be an abuse of terms; but it had always a sufficient foundation of reason to avoid any appearance of inconsistency, or error, or wandering from the point. So the greatest passages in the Greek orations were very far from being such as could stand the test of close examination in regard to their argument. Yet would it be hypercritical indeed to object that Demosthenes, in the most celebrated burst of all ancient eloquence, argues for his policy being rewarded although it led to defeat, by citing the example of public honors having been bestowed upon those who fell in gaining five great victories.

Some have compared Mr. Fox's eloquence to that of Demosthenes; but it resembled Lord Chatham's just as much, if not more. It was incomparably more argumentative than either the Greek or the English orator's; neither of whom carried on chains of close reasoning as he did, though both kept close to their subject. It was, however, exceedingly the reverse of the Attic orator's in method, in diction, in conciseness. It had nothing like arrangement of any kind. Except in the more vehement passages, its diction was perhaps as slovenly, certainly as careless as possible, betokening indeed a contempt of all accurate composition. It was diffuse in the highest degree, and abounded in repetitions. While the Greek was concise, almost to being prolix. How the notion of comparing the two together ever could have prevailed, seems unaccountable, unless it be that men have supposed them alike because they were both vehement, and both kept the subject in view rather than run after ornament. But that the most elaborate and artificial compositions in the world should have been likened to the most careless, and natural, and unprepared, that were ever delivered in public, would seem wholly incredible if it were not true. The bursts of Mr. Fox, however, though less tersely and concisely composed, certainly have some resemblance to Lord Chatham's, only that they betray far less fancy, and, however vehement and fiery, are incomparably less bold. Mr. Pitt's oratory, though admirably suited to its purpose, and as perfect a business kind of speaking as ever was heard, certainly resembled none of the three others who have been named. In point of genius, unless perhaps for sarcasm, he was greatly their inferior; although, from the unbroken fluency of his appropriate language, and the power of an eminently sonorous voice, he produced the most prodigious effect.

It remains to speak of Lord Chatham as a private man, and he appears

* There hangs so much doubt upon the charge brought against Lord Chatham, of having himself employed the Indians in their former war, that the subject is reserved for the Appendix.

to have been in all respects exemplary and amiable. His disposition was exceedingly affectionate. The pride, bordering upon insolence, in which he showed himself encased to the world, fell naturally from him, and without any effort to put it off, as he crossed the threshold of his own door. To all his family he was simple, kindly and gentle. His pursuits were of a nature that showed how much he loved to unbend himself. He delighted in poetry and other light reading; was fond of music; loved the country; took peculiar pleasure in gardening; and had even an extremely happy taste in laying out grounds. His early education appears to have been further prosecuted afterwards; and he was familiar with the Latin classics, although there is no other reason to believe that he had much acquaintance with the Greek. In all our own classical writers he was well versed; and his time was much given to reading them. A correspondence with his nephew, which Lord Grenville published about five and thirty years ago, showed how simple and classical his tastes were, how affectionate his feelings, and how strong his sense of both moral and religious duty. These letters are reprinted in a work now in the course of publication by the family of Lord Chatham, because the answers have since been recovered; and it contains a great body of other letters both to and from him. Amongst the latter are to be found constant tokens of his amiable disposition.

The most severe judge of human actions, the critic whose searching eye looks for defects in every portrait, and regards it as a fiction, not a likeness, when he fails to find any, will naturally ask if such a character as Lord Chatham's could be without reproach; if feelings so strong never boiled over in those passions which are dangerous to virtue; if fervor of soul such as his could be at all times kept within the bounds which separate the adjoining provinces of vehemence and intemperance? Nor will he find reason to doubt the reality of the picture which he is scrutinising when we have added the traits that undeniably disfigured it. Some we have already thrown in; but they rather are shades that give effect and relief to the rest, than deformities or defects. It must now be further recorded, that not only was he impracticable, difficult beyond all men to act with, overbearing, impetuously insisting upon his own views being adopted by all as infallible, utterly regardless of other men's opinions when he had formed his own, as little disposed to profit by the lights of their wisdom as to avail himself of their co-operative efforts in action—all this is merely the excess of his great qualities running loose uncontrolled—but he appears to have been very far from sustaining the exalted pitch of magnanimous independence and utter disregard of sublunary interests which we should expect him to have reached and kept as a matter of course, from a more cursory glance at the mould in which his lofty character was cast. Without allowing considerable admixture of the clay which forms earthly mortals to have entered into his composition, how can we account for the violence of his feelings, when George III. showed him some small signs of kindness in the closet, upon his giving up the seals of office. "I confess, Sir, I had too much reason to expect your Majesty's displeasure. I had not come prepared for this exceeding goodness.—Pardon me, Sir," he passionately exclaimed—"it overpowers—it oppresses me!" and he burst into tears in the presence of one who, as a moment's reflection must have convinced him, was playing a part to undermine his character, destroy his influence, and counteract all his great designs for his country's good. But some misplaced sentiments of loyalty may have produced this strange paroxysm of devotion. The colour assumed by his gratitude for favours conferred upon his family and himself was of a more vulgar hue, and still less harmonized with the Great Commoner's exalted nature. On learning the King's intention to grant him a pension (in order effectually to undo him), he writes to Lord Bute a letter full of the most humiliating effusions of extravagant thankfulness—speaks of "being confounded with the King's condescension in deigning to bestow one thought on the mode of extending to him his royal beneficence"—considers "any mark of approbation flowing from such a spontaneous source of clemency as his comfort and his glory"—and prostrates himself in the very dust for daring to refuse the kind of provision tendered "by the King in a manner so infinitely gracious"—and proposing, instead of it, a pension for his family. When this prayer was granted, the effusions of gratitude "for these unbounded effects of beneficence and grace which the most benign of Sovereigns has condescended to bestow," are still more extravagant; and "he dares to hope that the same royal benevolence which showers on the unmeritorious such unlimited benefits may deign to accept the genuine tribute of the truly feeling heart with equal condescension and goodness." It is painful to add what truth extorts, that this is really not the sentiment and the language with which a patriot leaves his Sovereign's council's upon a broad difference of honest opinion, and after being personally ill used by that monarch's favourites, but the tone of feeling, and even the style of diction, in which a condemned felon, having sued for mercy, returns thanks when his life had been spared. The pain of defacing any portion of so noble a portrait as Lord Chatham's must not prevent us from marking the traits of a somewhat vulgar if not a sordid, kind, which are to be found on a closer inspection of the original.

Such was the man whom George the Third most feared, most hated, and most exerted his kingcraft to disarm; and such, unhappily, was his momentary success in this long-headed enterprise against the liberties of his people and their champions; for Lord Chatham's popularity, struck down by his pension, was afterwards annihilated by his pecuniary

exit; when friendship is expected to be heroism, and love to compress itself into self-denying calmness! Oh! Paley, is it so happy a world "after all!"

The friend that *would* come with us is gone, or lies *perdu* within the gateway, or is reading with unusual interest the names of the proprietors on the coach panel, or—"sit hard, gentlemen, all right,"—would we could say, "amen!"—but the coach is already half down Parliament Street, and the curious have set their watches (a very ancient absurdity, with which no *true* Cockney is ever known to dispense) by the *Horse Guards*; presently the summit of Westminster Bridge affords its unequalled view up and down the river, and then down we go at the rate of twelve miles an hour to the Marsh Gate. Good bye, Astley's (dearer to our youthful recollection than can ever be the theatre of Herodes Atticus); and heaven protect you, Mr. Van Amburgh, in your den of lions!—may we not, after your remarkable conquest of ferocious natures, have to read of a melancholy inquest, some month or two hence, on all that the tiger has left! Wide swings the open toll-bar; coachee bows protectively to the man of tickets and white apron; awe-struck cart-folk, as they approach the gate, take special care to keep clear of the attraction of the Dover "Magnet!" Now, then, for Bethlehem Hospital and its unclaimed territory of stagnant puddle, withered herbage, dust heaps, and half-sunk brick-bats, recalling its former site in Moorfields, and affording a neutral ground for cat-killing and carpet-beating; and next the lamp-post which we call *obelisk*; and then, dashing on amidst Greenwich, Blackheath, and Deptford coaches, and gigs, and "busses," and rattling tax-carts, and hotley boys in blue frocks, bearing huge baskets, and carried away at speed on large lean horses, and sundry urchins nearly rode over, and catching the lash for their encouragement, that well-known hostelry, the Elephant and Castle, the last place of open penknives and the morning paper, compels us to pull up. "Any body for Dover?"—four minutes more and the Bricklayers' Arms, "that last goal of short stages and divaricating roads—that Ultima Thule" of coach stands, is also left behind. And now the coachman slackens his speed, and the team treading the ground with a more uniform rhythm, as if conscious of impediments surmounted, gives time for more discriminative valedictions to well-known objects on the road. Ye paragons and crescents, rejoicing in unambitious patronymics—ye Arabella Rows and Cleveland Terraces, farewell!

Ye "seminaries" sown by the wayside—commercial, or classical, or both, or neither, and for whatever sex provided—if you only flourish like your sign-boards, into what a palmy state will you have grown, ere we return to place little girls and boys yet unborn under your fostering care! Statuaries (so I read your title)—carpenters in stone—lithographers of epitaphs to suit everybody—whose yards are full of the most engaging ready-made churchyard furniture, sprawling sculpture, and rhymes of which the efficacy is undeniable—in sixteen seconds the screech of your *stone saw* will be all your own! As for the proprietor of that one solitary gem, that green-glass globe over his hall door, which illuminates the else dark *Row*, like a single glow-worm in a hedge—(him of the threefold epithet)—I suppose to wish him many labours with few pains will be the most appropriate of vows. *Et vos valete*, prohibitors of suburban riot, black-belted, grey-coated, hat-glazed, slow-walking policemen Peel's *terriers*—this is your proper religion—you are revolting impertinences in Pall Mall! Here comes a better man!—that jolly brewer, trudging along the road by the side of his team, or carolling as he sits on the shaft, with a pair of immense *gastrocnemii* cased in white stockings, and two-inch bit of pipe-clay in his mouth—him who sundry turnpike tickets adorn as to the band of his slouched hat. Oh! when shall I taste porter again, or see a bright pewter mug of anybody's "entire?" Second-hand book-stalls—which have so often afforded me a motive for a walk on the Surrey side—ye are already far behind! Bird shops, whose slender wires are all alive with twitter and chirrup, are seen no more.

And, ye still more multiplied Victoria tea-gardens, although your shadeless bowers have been untried by me, they are meant for most harmless employment, and so may your cockle-shell and periwinkle grottos continue to overflow, in *sacula seculorum*, with sober-minded young linen-draper's sipping bohea, with pretty sempstresses to put in the sugar for them! But we are now, I see, ascending Greenwich Hill, and are at last fairly out of London, and in for ten hours' fatigue, and no want of ten grains of Dover's powder to make us sleep to-night.

DOVER. THE REVEILLEE.

No pleasant thing, I ween, after dreaming Clarence's dream with variations all night, to hear the approaching tramp of thick-soled shoes, which suddenly cease before your particular cell, followed anon by three premonitory thumps, duly delivered on the sounding pannels—to perceive the first coruscation of ante-matinal lantern, and be certified that the yawning commissioner is bodily beside you—to see him light your sputtering and ill-smelling candle at five on a November morning—to hear the sea-gulls screaming in their flight, with a *basso* accompaniment of baggage-carts, proceeding in all the mystery of darkness from their different hotels to the place of departure—but to endure all this, and all that is to follow, for *nothing*! Well, it was your own fault. You must have heard the angry gust getting wilder and wilder as the night waxed on, and rising to a climax as the hour for being called drew near. Shrill pipings of the winds were also heard along the corridor, of which suitable portions were blown through your key-hole, like so many hisses from the head of Megæra. And were such intimations to be disregarded? Had not the convulsed window frame been agitated in all its loose *compages*? Had not the external shutter slapped against the casement, and banged back again upon the crumbling brick-work, fifty times before the London mail came in? Did not out-of-door bells, hung in the yard below, ring unbidden? And was not your chimney full of *Æolian* music, sent to warn you that there could be no leaving the pier on that inauspicious morning? What a fool, then, you were to expose yourself to the condolence of the fellow that called you, and be obliged to hear, into the bargain, of the fine passages of all the last week! Nay, in the very act of routing you out, the catiff muttered a something about *wind*, as he placed the greasy brass candlestick,

NOTES OF A SENTIMENTAL TRAVELLER.

LEAVING LONDON.

St. Martin's is striking ten; and while the last stroke yet vibrates through Trafalgar Square, the crack equipage that is to carry us off winds round Adelaide Street and pulls up. In an instant the attendant porter jerks up the carpet bags to the guard, who stands in front of the boot (the lion's mouth for all light baggage), precipitating these, and half of himself, down its open *œsophagus*. "Now, gentlemen, if you please," already sounds painfully in your ear; yes! the moment for the last good-bye, the last wring of the heart, is come; the moment when stifled emotion has hard work of it, when a sigh will find a voice, and the unmanly tear an

with its two inches of tallow, on your dingy toilet, and went along the passage croaking the same raven-like notes at each of the condemned cells. Ah, the smell of morning candle! Out upon the fringe and festooning of the white dimity *hearse* of your English bed! Ha! what ghastly vision is that in the glass, with a razor in its hand? Why, your very wife would be afraid of you! What accident may not befall the shaver who contends with beard in such a penury of light as the blustering morning without, and the unsnuffed *dip* within, contribute to afford? Shaving at Dover, at best, is only trying to shave, for futile is the attempt to coax hard white soap by help of harder water into a proper *crisis*. And now, dressed in Guy Faux fashion, and gone forth to explore, behold all your misgivings of the weather confirmed! Two incorruptible weathercocks give you your doom, SW. or SSW. to the *letter*. Think not, O Cockney! to sap the judgment of some veteran pilot (who laughs at your ignorance), into the faintest expectation of better things; nor set yourself to bawl, holding your hat with both hands, to the imperturbable skipper on board, whose reply, if he vouchsafe any to such a pale-looking miserable devil, cannot possibly reach you, but is borne away to Deal and the Downs. No, no; you are in for it for at least twenty-four hours, during nine or ten of which you may stare through the hazy horizon along the denuded country, or make a desperate *sortie* in the interval of squalls to yonder cliffs, to the west, and listen to the noisy sea-bird working up against the gale, or pore upon the unlifted and prone descending mass of turbid waters; but it is too early for these out-of-door pleasures. The first meal of the day and the newspapers (which, however, you read yesterday in London), would at present be more acceptable, and help to cheat you of at least one of the hours before you; in obedience to which instinctive feeling you make the best of your way back to your inn, and find—a clean fire and a hissing kettle! No, in an empty, fireless coffee-room, every element of discomfort and incentive to ill-humour. To the still silent streets, therefore, you must necessarily betake yourself, and there, amidst the sadness of unclosing shops, abide the resuscitation of hotel life.

Signals of commencing day are soon afforded in the mopping and slopping of door-steps, the friction of brass-plates and knockers, and the war of the scrubbing brush and sand upon much-enduring door-steps. I think that we may now venture back to the hotel, and call at least for breakfast—not that it will come, for the water does not boil, the rolls are not arrived, and the bread has to be toasted, and the milk-pail is late. The coffee-room, however, which was empty, is now occupied, and the occupants are of a class of individuals whom the waiters and chambermaids designate by the name of “*gents*.”*

With these companions, then—fellow-creatures, no doubt, but not interesting, natural, or informed ones—we are to pass this blessed 10th of November, amidst fresh arrivals of wet umbrellas and drenched coats from mud-bespattered coaches. But the heaviest day wends on! The waiter's proposal of one of three eternal and loathed alternatives, *veal cutlets*, *beef steaks*, or *mutton chops*, with relays of bad potatoes between them, is to be listened to; and then for the brass candlestick once more, amidst the hopes and the fears of to-morrow, and a last attempt to extort comfortable assurances from the subordinates, who know and care nothing about it. Mean-while, the mate of the *Britannia*, it is certain, does *not* make his *entrée*, to beat up for passengers, nor is he seen lounging about the door—and this looks ill. O, Dover! Dover!

DOVER.—THE DETENU.

Eight o'clock, A.M.—And here, accordingly, we are for a second day, the weather fine enough to go out, but not fine enough to go over. Let us cut the coffee-room, walk till we can walk no longer, and think a little where we are, and why.

What unnumbered thousands, their hearts overcharged with various fortune and emotion, have, since the *peace*, approached that inconsiderable jetty, or seen that shingly beach disappear beneath the lofty cliff and the batteries on high! To what innumerable feet, and sped on what a variety of errands, have those sea-washed pebbles yielded a noisy pathway! Under what strangely altered views and unanticipated change do many of our countrymen gaze once more on those “marine terraces”—those *many-windowed ruins*? Surely no spot on earth has drunk so many tears, or heard so many sighs commingling with the sea-spray, and whirled on in the passing gust. Verily, if but a few specimens of the last twenty years' suffering enacted on this small arena could be in evidence, soon would the gay fancies of youth, and the smiling uncertainties of a first trip, be quelled! Figure to yourself whole thousands of already hectic forms (never so dear as when that cruel cast of expatriation befell them) sent from this tiny part to occupy some far off tomb, or receive into it the shadows of the shades they were, and to die in the arms of friends and kinsfolk;—the only son of his mother, and she a widow—the cherished daughter, and the *last*!—the lately blooming wife, the lustre of whose bridal garment is scarcely tarnished,—or, sadder yet, if sadder can be, she that but for this parting was to have become such. These are *familiar* things to the hotels of Dover, both great and small. All, however, who hurry down to the packet do not die consumptive; nor is health the only object for which men go abroad. Science and curiosity, listlessness and debts, a reputation that requires nursing and will be the better for repose, economy and education, politics and pleasure, urge their respective votaries. The

* A *gent* is an individual of that genus for whose particular eyes cheap stocks and flash garments, at alarmingly low prices, are ticketed all round Charing Cross—as shooting-jackets for parties who don't know one end of a gun from the other, pilot-coats for street-going swells, who would, indeed, be pleasant people in a gale of wind, &c. A *gent* is he to whom the assiduous *Boots* proffers a pair of dirty slippers, and in which, nothing revolted, the party sits at ease at his tea, or brandy and water, exchanging facetiousness with, or extracting conversation from the waiter. A *gent* is the person whom the coachman does not even turn to look at, as he says, “Chuck down that *gent's* carpet-bag, *Bill*!—Come now, be alive!”—imparting an added dose of the principle of vitality to the galvanized *William* in a very surprising manner—the person, whose offered cigar the discerning conductor of the four bag probably declines, while he accepts the pinch from a gentleman's civility. There is a *tournaire* about a *gent* which there is no mistaking—the superior ease of a gentleman is *not* the criterion, for a *gent* is consummately at his ease in all positions, though some of them are not happily chosen.

Bourse, the Boulevard, the Institute, the Ballet—and not all these at Paris!

“Please, sir, are you for Boulogne?” “Why?” “Because the captain says he intends to try it, as the wind is falling.” “Will he?—then I'm at his service;”—back in a twinkling—portmanteau in the passage—bill called for—waiter assiduous—the last English shillings disbursed,—in an hour we were on our backs in sight of Shakespeare's Cliff, with an assurance that the passage would be tedious, and a painful experience that its quality was to be of a piece with its duration.

CHEAP FRENCH DINNERS.

Ungrateful that we are, and uninformed too, when we take upon us to abuse English, and celebrate French repasts indiscriminately; to convey tacit reproach at the tables of kind and hospitable friends at home, by even naming unknown dishes, in which, after all, our own science is no great matter; for we never master even the *syntax*, let alone the *prosody* and the ulterior refinements of French cookery. Let those who still think a dinner cooked in France is therefore excellent, unfold their *serviette*, and sit down with me in imagination to three francs a-head worth of all that is abominable! That which I intend is not the repast *a la carte* (a navigation on which no Englishman should venture—such are its hazards—without taking a *French pilot* on board), but a *table d'hôte*, one rather of pretension, meant to seduce you and me, and the rest of us, who know no better, or will pay no more, into the idea that we have dined. The guests seated, the signal issued, off fly the covers of two portentous elliptical vessels of earthenware, and the baling out of a turbid bilge water called *potage* forthwith commences. Now, there are things that one does not venture even to taste; and a little of the stained warm water in question had accordingly to travel a great way before it found customers. It was succeeded by a huge dish of fried whiting, with many gashes to represent crimping, an operation which had humanely been delayed for several days (the French people being a very kind-hearted people) after they were caught. The *ramollissement* of the fibre had, however, been to a certain degree counteracted by *chlorine*, with which, or some of its combinations, no fishmonger's stall in Paris is unprovided. To make all sure, the dish was (like Pyrrha's sweetheart) *liquidis perfusus odoribus*, provided with an antiseptic sauce of a very complex character. Now, that some of the science-association-gentlemen *taste mummy* I know, and dare say it is *relishing*; but *hot mummy*—*mummy a la maître d'hôtel*—could only be properly appreciated at *Canopus*. When these reflections had been discussed, these foundations for the restoration of nature duly laid, three lean and nearly incinerated ducks, plumped out by chewed or otherwise comminuted chesnuts (a *post-mortem* stuffing, which might have contributed considerably to their edification had they been administered to the living fowl), were opposed to three of their web-footed and wilder cousins, called *widgeon*—bad affairs at best, and presenting irresistibly the similitude of exactly the same number of Day and Martin's blacking bottles rescued from the dust-hole, with their necks knocked off. Four stale and sapless sweet-breads, cushioned in greasy spinach, might haply have escaped discovery, but for the angular production of some obtrusive hard substances, well known to the anatomist, which plainly told where they came from. Of no *pancreatic* origin, assuredly were these spoils of deceased quadrupeds! We had eaten *frog* at *Tivoli* and *Brussels*, and had tasted *cat* (*en patis sérié*) at *Antibes*; but the *cricoid* and *thyroid* cartilages of horse or donkey, till this blessed day, did we never meet with as an *hors d'œuvre*. Next came their *beans*, those detestable *white haricots* (on a “*charger*” as big as that of the daughter of Herodias in the pictures of all the schools). We never set our eyes on those enormities without concurring with the *Samian*, “*qui ventri indulsit non omne legumen*.” *Fèves de marcais*! why, it is mere fodder—a thing to be neighed for!—and poor Marius at Minturnæ, supported on this authentic diet of the prodigal son, seems more than ever to be pitted!

So that's what you call a *mayonnaise*! Away with it!—its milk and its mustard; its capers and its chopped anchovies; its white of egg, and its yolk of egg—away with it! “A bit of that roast bullock, if you please, that *pater armenti*, and add to it one of those yellow potatoes which have been waxing cold this half hour”—(I was weary of sitting either *stricto pane* or eating bread at discretion)—alas! a ration of the *sevenfold shield* of *Ajax* would have answered the same purpose, blunting the knife and not the appetite; in short, it would have been clear gain to have retired, in place of waiting three quarters of an hour longer for six apples fried on fat toast! Some cream, manufactured in the apothecary's mortar, out of snails and blanched almonds, redolent of prussic acid, and confined in a sponge-cake embankment; a plate of chewed slices of doe-skin sprinkled with sugar (of which, I forgot the technical name); a sixpenny omelette; some baked pears, all brown sugar and cloves, at which a Spanish mule-tee would have turned up his aquiline nose; a flabby salad, *fœtid gruyère*, and some pennyworth's of “*ladies' fingers*,” stale macarons and corrugated apples, with here and there a halfpennyworth of barley sugar drops, each wrapped in its paper with a stupid couplet.

Pleasant society, too, in *Tiberim defluxit Orontes*. The Thames is emptying itself into the Seine. How cleverly that “*gent*” (*vide supra*), balances his plate upon the point of his little finger without spilling a drop of the gravy! Yes, the feat is accomplished! and his familiar (whose sensibility to debts of honour is apparent), is producing the ready shilling from his flowered silk waistcoat. That other *gent* near him, involved in much complicity of gilt chain, will surely find some difficulty in getting to his pocket to pay the reckoning—he looks as embarrassed and incatenated, as a galley slave escaped from the *bagne* of Toulon, with his rivetted darbies about him;—but “*enough's as good as a feast*.”

WET WEATHER IN PARIS.

In wet weather, Paris seems to have caught the ague; the circulation through her larger vessels has almost ceased; and in those narrow passages, the capillaries of her aortic system, is terribly congested, pressed, and trodden on the passage (which no longer can afford standing-room.) The lounge escapes into a shop for mere temporary relief, and illustrates the ancient doctrine of an *error loci*. The Coffee-houses are too close to be

respired, and a *stasis* (not, however, in the sense of revolt) is effected at every spot where shelter may be had, and the shoulders be saved a wetting; for when it rains here, it rains in earnest; the Boulevard, mean-while, which is synonymous with Paris itself, is lifeless and deserted, and but for those weather-beaten coach stands, and that epichorial industry which works in seasons like the present, all day long, and every day at daybreak, with bell and bucket, to prepare the nymph Lutetia for her toilette, there would be little to arrest a stranger's attention, or offer material for description; but who can fail to notice that long double line of colossal mud carts, harnessed as if with a ghost of horses slain during the week by the knackers of Mont-faugon! carts in the lowest state of decrepitude, of which the owners have solved the problem of the smallest number of *spokes* which may constitute a *wheel*. There they move, under the conduct of the official assigned to each, brandishing aloft his mud ladle of gigantic mould, or making you tremble at the chance of aspersion from his rampant besom! Yet all this line of Rosinante wretchedness has undeniably known better days. The sorriest jade amongst them, whose raw back is now bleeding under its plaster of mud, bearing the sting of the never idle thong, was once the frolicsome colt that knew a dam's protection, and would shake the hills of Montmorency with his joyous neigh! Even when he was taken from her care, his extreme youth would protect him from hard labor; an husbandman's drudge when he had ceased to exhibit himself and his master in the *Bois de Boulogne*, he was still happy. If he brought greens to the Barrière, he had a whole cabbage to himself on prosperous market days; bound subsequently apprentice to a light citadine (which is not above the moiety of a hackney-coach), though it was a great fall from his *primitie*, and no improvement of his *secondary* fortune; and though occasionally flogged in cold weather to give his master salutary exercise, yet in common circumstances, and when the fare was by *time*, he was allowed to have it very much his own way. It was not till the *red-eyed omnibus* (whose fiery *cornea* had marked his promising figure as she shot by him up and down the Boulevard) had determined to make him her own, that the measure of his woes was full! From the first hour that he was harnessed to the accursed *dragon*, his sufferings were appalling and without remedy; he groaned, poor fellow! but the groans were profitless, as he was tied for the first time to the long-bodied monster behind him; perhaps he kicked—if so, so much the worse for him. Finding all efforts at liberation unavailing, he bore up against his cruel fate for a few summer months; at length, when his vital principle had been half-whipped out of his body, winter and the *scavenger's cart* offered him a comparative *euthanasia*, and there he is! How many hundreds of such poor beasts, of long shaggy fetlock, may be seen to-day champing a mouthful of half-and-halt (*half hay and half straw*), or a *bit of loose harness* leather taken on the sly, by which to keep alive a little longer, and but a little—for their *hazy eyes* and dropping jaws too surely indicate that those pinched nostrils have already snuffed within a very few cubic inches of their full allotment of oxygen! Verily, the poor horse would have more right than our landlady to say, if he could speak, "Oh les hommes, les hommes!" I have just set my eye on another of these poorbrutes attached to such a cart—the planks so nearly on the point of sending forth the avalanche of mud, that a sporting Englishman might bet whether the *organised* or the *wooden* carcass would drop first! and there's another, the third specimen of the central row! an articulated skeleton of sixteen hands and a half, whom you would call a *picture* of misery! What do you say to misery herself embodied in a horse-skin? Mark how his straggling members, which he vainly endeavors to collect securely under him, sprawl like the divaricating legs of some old rickety table, seeking a ore extended base for the huge carcass! To what a scraggy powerless lever of a neck it is still committed to crane up that hollow and nearly dissected head! With what distressing effort does he contrive to raise it a little above the level of that blue collar against which he must pull till he drops; and this he would have done long ago, but for an ally—that young donkey—whose undeveloped vigour has been yoked to his decrepitude, and who, at this moment, in order to escape the rain, has taken the opportunity of a short halt to seek shelter under his trunk, and carry him a little on his back! As to his neighbour, whose slit ears proclaim his military career, well may he regret, in common with many other heroes, that he did not fall in the last charge at Waterloo! Every horse yonder, like every man every where, has had "his *inch* of mirth for *ell* of moan." But other objects, elicited by the rainy day, challenge our attention. Behold those long files of *distressing* mendicity in the mid-road; an interminable vista, spattering and bespattered, but moving in admirable rhythm, save when a headstrong omnibus, or volatile cab, insist on breaking the line, which as instantly closes upon the intruder. What a group of animated scare crows is *reflected* on the surface of that black, half-consolidated mirror, age or sex alike problematical and uncertain, wild and marvellous in gesture, like creatures of another world; they take no notice of any thing—mud, mud, mud! They have no organ for any thing else; how do they put their clothes on! or do they ever take them off!—of course they sleep on mud mattresses, and prop their weary heads on pillows of the same cheap material. I do assure you they have no resemblance to the functionaries of street-cleaning elsewhere. With what faultless accuracy does the long train of lustral besom fall on the rippling wave! What a black sea of clouded confectionary advances slowly at every stroke, till, reaching the rise of the Boulevard, and acquiring momentum, it facilitates the work of its own progression, and, spreading forth a pacific ocean of mud in front of that lofty arch, where vanquished Rhine, with a hundred cities, does homage to the Grand Monarque!

SOUVENIRS OF BADEN.

The room was all lightness and brightness, and filled with the well-limbed aristocracy of Europe. Having breasted our way through the billows of well-dressed flirts and their cavaliers, we get at length a glimpse of the "Grand Duchesse,"—thinking of those Napoleon times in which she made no inconsiderable figure—and truly a more remarkable or interesting looking lady, we have seldom seen. She has all the fascinations possible to a very fine woman no longer young, but determined to please to the last. There sat she, with a smile for every body, (who had a claim to it) and a different one for each, assuming by turns every possible attitude of grace,

and so happy in each, that they might have been taken as studies for the artist—a more beautifully finished and highly-wrought piece of mechanism than that countenance, was never worked by a soul and intelligence within! I see her even now before me! sitting so lightly, and with so little apparent pressure on the Ottoman at the head of that unequalled room, that you might fancy it away, without depriving the fine form of its artificial support. None could more look the goddess, or move the queen than she! Fixing the young men who had the liberty to address her, with a *Dido* look, half queenly, half womanly, now animated and conversational; now dispensing the well-measured smile in silence, anon exercising a practised archness upon some timid maiden, whose day of conquests was beginning; surrendering herself with bewitching benignity to some tedious old countess, or turning half closed eyes in hazy complacency (with sufficient attention not to offend him) on some curiosity of the *ancien régime*, who, for sixty years, had traded in court compliments, and still claimed the privilege "*Dicere blanditias cano capite*." For readiness at repartee, few of the fair sex can compete with her. "I have something to confide to your private ear," said a forward young coxcomb, pushing himself forward while she was engaged in conversation. "Something for my *private ear*! what can he mean?" "Oh! *je le tiens maintenant!* c'est ses *pantalons blancs*, qu'il veut me *confier*!"—(he had taken the liberty of coming to her party in *morning trousers*!)

But hark! the first bars of the *high orchestra* are struck, and the dancers are all on the start—already they swing by us with a velocity, which, when one is not an element of the vortex, is really alarming. Waltz is the railroad of dancing—the despair of turnpike. Let no awkward fellow attempt this fascinating *poetry of motion*—it is not till the two performers in the dance have got the perfect intelligence of each other's capabilities, that the gentleman ventures to plant his hand fairly on the lady's corset; from that moment of more intimate contact, they appear to have but one end and aim, one heart and one respiration! Every advantage of space is for a time conceded; the lookers on contract it by degrees; the centripetal force, however, soon overcomes the obstacle, and a fair stage for their evolutions is once more secured. Gods! what a milky-way of fair necks and bared shoulders is before us! and how knowingly provided are the *dansesuses* for the perils of an evening's whirl. You shall not see a single loose scarf; the rigging is all taut, from the mast-head downwards, and the petticoats *shot*, to prevent the result of that inevitable law of forces, which sagacious ladies, or their mammams, know to await them. But who are these? The Prince—and the beautiful Madame—Vain as he is, he seems now unconscious of spectators, and to think only of his partner; the sardonic curl of his moustache softens down into a less contemptuous expression for his fellow-creatures; the full smile of undisguised satisfaction is breaking down all aristocratic barriers, and dissipating apace whatever was repelling in those superior features. It is Rinaldo still, but Rinaldo in the garden of *Armida*, forgetful of triumphs—all but *this*! That bold tender look—what mortal woman can withstand it!—nor does she affect to do so; for not less impressive or effective is that air of abandonment with which she resigns her *Torso* into his arms! But the affair is becoming too conspicuous, too warm—the modest young ladies toss their *chins*, and the old ladies' *fans* are going like so many *windmills*!

But what is that gawky, *growing* youth (too surely a compatriot) about? Look at his vacant face! He has but to turn her, and his partner is ready enough to be turned, and looks up to encourage him to do the deed, but all in vain. He cannot catch the time—his heavy eyes exhibit no soul!—his ear is sealed to every thing of music, but the sound—his feet are under the guidance of a will, but that will is plainly not under the guidance of harmony; as sure as he makes a start, it is a false one! See how he throws her out, just as she is beginning to spin off—again! a third time, and now they are at a dead stand still! She begins to *flounce*—well she may! she has not answered his last question, and looks at him in a manner which her prayer-book would not justify. One more trial! one, two, three!—one, two! and off he is thrown at a tangent from the circle he would vainly enter. Besides, he has trodden on her corn—a smothered cry of pain escapes her; and here she comes, whilst her awkward beau follows, to proffer unwelcome assistance, and be scared away by the *solito voce* condolence of her friend—"Was ever any thing so cruel or preposterous, as for a young man to stand up to waltz who does not even know what it means! Why, you have literally had to hold him up as if he were a stumbling pony! It is indeed provoking, but why did you stand up with such a—?" He hears no more, but we do. "Don't talk any more about that *fright*!" says Emily, rising gaily to a *new* partner, who has already acquired, by dint of moustache, her good opinion—and she was right. One of those indefatigable dancers was he, who give spirit to a ball-room, who can keep the heaviest party afloat by the *legereté* of their own movements, and prevent the whole "*equipage*" from being *swamped*, by the assiduity with which (a leak detected) they *can work their pumps*! Five times has he triumphantly carried his partner round the magic circle formerly interdicted to her tread. Through all the entangled and perplexing perils of the thickly sown floor, does he bring her without shock or collision. Whether in a scarcely progressing step, or taking advantage of some *break*, they launch out more boldly, or thread the increasing labyrinth, his vigilant eye and ductile joints are equal to the difficulty. All is as it should be—and speedily shall he obtain, as the reward for his pilotage, the full and unreserved guidance of that advantageous *taille*.

But yonder is a young lady evidently as much a novice as was our *Anglo-Saxon* in the twirling art. She seems—as they all do when first they begin—she seems to feel a waltz very much as if it were a sin; she looks—as if she were doing *wrong*—to her mother's eye for countenance and support; but the old lady is at cards, and too intent on the game to notice her. Her partner obviously observes her confusion, and smiles encouragement. She trembles, thinks persons begin to look at her; he extends his hand—she falters; he touches her person—her neck is suffused. The initiation almost overpowers her; but "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*"—out she steps, and they are off! In a few minutes he has danced away all her scruples, and has nothing more to do than receive her adroitly into his arms, hope that she is not fatigued, and wonder what *possible* objections some people can have to waltzing! To which opinion she is now a proselyte.

Of our own partner we would willingly say something, but she is too fond of sheer dancing to give us much time to collect materials. Everybody declared her pretty—pretty she was in an eminent degree. On her *sweet* person all epithet-adjectives of grace, harmony, and good-humour, would sit without reproach or mistake. But she has taken our arm to waltz, and so here goes! and glibly and smoothly do we sail along. Oh! lassie, if you are always thus easy to turn, I would stipulate for longer partnership than the brief one we have contracted!

A VISIT TO HOLKHAM HALL.

Here Holkham rears in graceful pride
Her marble halls and crested towers,
And stretches o'er the champagne wide
Her lengthen'd suit of social bowers.

ROSCOE.

"You will not leave this part of the country," said a fellow-traveller, "without seeing Holkham Hall."—"And be assured," added another, "your reception will be gratifying. There is not a house of equal hospitality in the kingdom. Strangers or acquaintances,—none are neglected. Ah, and the proprietor is a nice old gentleman—eighty-three years old, and still as hearty as a man of fifty. Thirteen years ago he, childless, married a lady aged nineteen. He has now five children."

The grounds, including gardens, and park, and forest, and meadows, and fields of corn, are bounded by a circumference of ten miles. Within this circumference is an artificial lake, regarded by many as the most superb in England. Walks and rides intersect these grounds in every convenient direction. Here you move under a triumphal arch; before you rises soon a lofty obelisk; upon your right spread out five hundred acres of barley; and anon you enter Lady Anne Coke's beautiful flower-garden, planned by the taste of Chantry. Sheep, whereof here are twenty-two hundred of the veritable South Down breed; cattle, of which there are about three hundred belonging to the stock of Devon; milch-cows, whereof thirty constitute the dairy; horses, whereof fifty enjoy stalls at Holkham; tenantry, of whom two hundred are happy to acknowledge this excellent landlord; and labourers, of whom two thousand are said to be continually employed by him, meet your eye wherever it is turned; and nearly in the centre of this circumference stands the House of Holkham—a magnificent pile. It was erected about eighty years since by the Earl and Countess of Leicester. It consists of a large central building with four wings, and you are informed that, "measuring closely by all the angles," it is just one mile in circumference. The house is open for public inspection on two days of each week; and well may it thus be opened; for it contains treasures in tapestry, sculpture, and painting, that richly repay the visitor for his time and trouble. In this respect, as a repository of art, Holkham is one of the many valuable houses in England. There is in England no Louvre. England is truly rich in works of art; but they are scattered—a Claude here, a Titian there, and distant a hundred miles or more, amidst sculpture both ancient and modern, may be found a Salvator Rosa and a Raphael.

Of all sight-seeing in England, that which includes statuary and painting is the least satisfactory. If haply you have an acquaintance with a possessor of worthy products of art, and hence enjoy free and frequent admission to his collection, it is all very well. If, however, like a thousand other travellers, you must content yourself with a single visit, that visit will afford little pleasure, and less instruction. You will by pampered servants be hurried hastily through the halls; and when at length you leave them, the master-pieces just seen are scattered here and there through your memory, in as much disorder as they are throughout the kingdom. Blenheim House suggests a very apt illustration of this. But far better is Hampton Court. "I should be happy to see the cartoons of Raphael," you mildly say to a youthful portress sitting at the door. "Will you please to wait a moment sir?" asks the damsel insinuatingly. Now you are requested to wait this moment, sometimes a rather long one, in order that other company arriving, the course of the attendant through the rooms may be a profitable one. She takes with her a key, and so soon as the door leading into one apartment is opened, that through which you have passed is closely locked. Hence you must keep close at the heels of the inexorable guide. This guide walks onwards enumerating rapidly, "This is by Sir Peter Lely,—this is by Holbein—this is a Rubens—here is a Weenix." It is contrary to all regulations for you to remain behind, in admiration of a particular work, and you are thus constrained to hurry along with the hurrying attendant and the stranger party. A little surprised to find that you have despatched fifty or more paintings of the masters in less than ten minutes, and you resolve that the cartoons at least shall be properly seen and enjoyed. Vain resolution! The party in whose company you unfortunately chance to be a visitor of the rooms, caring little perhaps for these productions, are now anxious to get out; and certainly you cannot be so ungenerous as to detain them all, merely for the sake of gratifying your own private curiosity. Raphael is, of course, left behind with the others; and you find all at once that you have made the entire circuit of the apartments, and, moreover, that you enjoy therefrom just that degree of satisfaction which one derives from walking through a large library, and hearing the title of the books composing it announced. You rejoice, however, that you know *what* pictures may here be seen; although that knowledge might be furnished as completely by a catalogue, as a visit of thirteen miles from London to Hampton Court. As the establishment is hardly a private one, if, while you are depositing the consideration within the damsel's palms, you do not pronounce this system of exhibition a disgraceful humbug, be assured it is because your sensibility to art is for the moment quite overcome by your sensibility to a very good-looking countenance before you. I could never imagine why these rooms were not left open somewhat like those of the Borghese palace at Rome, where the visitor might linger at his pleasure, and stand some chance of having his love for art in some degree satisfied.

The stranger who desires to visit merely the apartments at Holkham House may meet, as he enters the magnificent Egyptian Hall, a portly dame in most aristocratic turban and white gloves, who is no less, nor in-

deed no greater, than *next* to the mistress of the whole establishment. She has the true quiet of English good breeding; and when you consider that, out of the sixty servants belonging to the hall, twenty-six of the females are subject to her single control, you can understand why authority is not merely in her eye, but in all her motions. Nothing, however, can exceed the civil grace with which she conducts you through thirty-one apartments, remarkable either for architecture, paintings, sculpture, or tapestry. I paused some time in the rooms composing part of the "Stranger's Wing." There were the "red and yellow bed-chamber," and appended to them were "dressing-rooms," all furnished in most costly style, and adorned with numerous paintings; while in the story above were many similar rooms, designed for a similar purpose, to which the mere visitor has not access. That purpose, as the name indicates, is the accommodation of numerous strangers, who, at any season of the year, may sojourn beneath the hospitable roof of Holkham Hall, and of the private and noble friends of its proprietor, who, in the shooting months of October and November, throng hither from many parts to enjoy their favourite sport. The "brown dressing-room" is curious, as containing a goodly number of original sketches with the pen, and in white, black, and red chalk, by such masters as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Perugino, Carlo Maratti, the Carracci, Lanfranco and others.

I was next extremely interested in the statue gallery, its tribune, and vestibule. This gallery is more than one hundred feet in length, and contains twenty-eight antiques, of which many are full-sized statues. I was pleased with one of Diana. It is conjectured to have been the property of Cicero. It was purchased by the Earl of Leicester, at a great price and secretly sent out of Rome. For this offence the Earl was arrested, but soon released, at the solicitation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is of Parian marble, in excellent preservation, and is infolded in that drapery, that glorious drapery, which could have come from none other than the Grecian chisel. There is likewise here a very pretty specimen of art by Chantry, the model of which I had seen in the artist's studio in London. Sir Francis, whose shooting feats have given the name of "Chantry hills" to certain rising grounds near the triumphal arch, happening on one occasion to bring down two woodcocks at a shot, in commemoration of the event transferred them into marble, and presented them to Mr. Coke. Nothing can exceed the sweet delicacy of this composition. And then so natural! The birds are done not indeed to the life, but truly to the death.

The landscape-room, as it is called, gave me much pleasure. The ceiling and chimney-piece are exquisitely wrought, and the walls are hung about with richest crimson embossed Genoa velvet. It contains, among others, a landscape by Salvator Rosa, another by Domenichino, three by Caspar Poussin, and seven by Claude Lorraine. Of this last master there are thirteen productions at Holkham; a number altogether extraordinary for a private collection, and most of them possess extraordinary merit. Having fully enjoyed these admirable landscapes, and caught a glimpse through the window of one still fairer without, we walked into the manuscript library.

Here is a full-length portrait of the celebrated Roscoe. To this gentleman's taste and zeal are the eight hundred volumes of manuscripts in this library indebted for many excellent literary notes, and for numerous facts respecting their age and value. This collection is extremely curious, and such as I hardly expected to find in the possession of one who, while he has served fifty years in parliament, has never been particularly devoted to literature. What particularly excites attention and admiration is, the marvellous beauty with which some of these manuscripts are executed. Here are Latin copies of the four Evangelists on vellum, preserved in covers of gold and silver, adorned with coloured stones, and richly illuminated. These are more than six hundred years old. And yet what clear and polished beauty is in the material! how distinct is the hand! how surprisingly brilliant is the illuminations! I was likewise attracted by a miniature missal of the fifteenth century, supposed to have been the work of the skilful Julio Clovio, whose calligraphy and poetical illustration seemed to me to surpass the finest achievements of the press at the present day. Then was shown a copy of the Pentateuch three hundred years old, written on deerskin, extending its single leaf one hundred and six feet, in a width of twenty-five inches. There are many other curious compositions similar to these within this library, which is moreover very rich in the Greek Fathers and the Latin Classics. In this mansion are two other libraries, one of which is scrupulously classical, and the other miscellaneous. The literary part of the establishment seems to be indeed princely, and in harmonious keeping with that magnificence, which an immense income enables its proprietor to sustain.

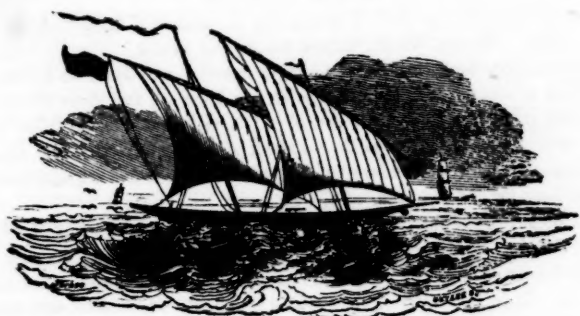
That proprietor, as already stated, is eighty-three years of age. He receives you with extreme cheerfulness, and even vivacity, as if he had a great deal to expect from your friendship. Hospitality seems to shine forth in every expression. He completely embodies your idea of the real old English gentleman. The character of the landlord pervades all around him: no one can fail to be impressed by the mild and hospitable deportment which marks his numerous tenantry; and then, with what enthusiastic love do they all speak of him! My experience extended beyond that tenantry to the inhabitants of the little town of Wells, three or four miles distant. There is among them but one accordant voice respecting the good heart and condescending bearing of the venerable man. Every one speaks of the "hall" as of some central source of enjoyment. None pass near it without calling to shake the porter by the hand, and look into the ever open treasures of the larder. The feeling of good-will is common to old and young; and while the proprietor takes his evening drive among his extensive grounds, you are pleased to see the laughing children of his tenantry running before his carriage with rival steps to open the various gates through which it is about to pass.

I have never seen happier faces or plumper forms than in my rambles of to-day: the servants of the establishment, particularly, are in admirable condition—really one feels healthier in merely looking at them; but of all the jovial expressions there, what one can match the visage of the old butler! It is a prodigy of good humour. You cannot call it intensely red—it is rather a brilliant copper. It images

"The shadowy livery of the burnish'd sun."

With the round body beneath, it proclaims a life passed among mugs, and bottles, and tankards. It is indeed irresistible. You actually feel warmed in its presence. You know not how to describe it. In despair, you pronounce it the word "jolly" melted down, and are ready to burst forth into admiration of that ale which can work such marvellous results.

As the turrets of Holkham Hall faded for the last time from my sight, I reflected that soon its worthy proprietor must pass away. And what a glorious evening is this to the day of his life!—a life long spent in the service of his country, and in sowing within the condition of the humble around him seeds whose fruits are their own contentment and unbounded love of him. I cannot but believe their happiness well based, and their affection sincere.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1839.

TRAVELS IN AUTHORDOM.

But little is known of the interesting region in which the scene of this M. S. work is laid, and, as a long time may elapse before it is given to the public, our readers will be glad to get some word of so secluded a country from these columns.

We boast much of the march of mind among us, but if the inhabitants of Authordom are truly represented in this work, they must be certainly, at least a century in advance of us in civilization. Letters, science and machinery have there worked wonders such as we hardly dream of; and those engaged in these pursuits, instead of being considered as an inferior caste, of whose property the laws will hardly take cognizance—a sort of *fera natura*, whose spoils all men may hunt at pleasure, have their interests carefully guarded by the organization of society. Indeed, in Authordom, the work of the head is not only as fully protected as is the work of the hands among us, but those engaged in intellectual labor have privileges beyond the rest of their countrymen which we are surprised to find existing in a state that claims to be perfectly democratic in its institutions. An American will be shocked to learn that in a country calling itself as free and republican as our own, the fruits of intellectual labour are secured to their producer in perpetuity, while those who amass property by the work of their hands, are secured in the exclusive enjoyment of their possessions for only a brief term of years. Literature, it seems, is in this strange land regarded much in the same light as other property is amongst us. A man, for instance, who writes books, has the fee simple of his own productions, and after his death can bequeath the profits arising from them to whom he chooses; while those, who make their money in any other way, are defended in their property for only sixteen years after they come into possession. At the expiration of this time, their goods and chattels become public property, and are at the service of any body who chooses to make a temporary use of them. This singular inequality of human rights, as existing among an intelligent and civilized people, is almost anomalous in the structure of society. With our notions of *property* nothing can seem more unjust. We should, however, make great allowances for a people brought up with different theories of justice from ourselves; and, indeed, we possibly may require the exercise of some liberality of judgment in our own case; for the inhabitants of Authordom, doubtless deem our laws regarding property of different kinds, just as absurd and inconsistent as we regard theirs. Ideas of what constitute property vary with education. You can never, for instance, make an Indian understand how an individual can have a property in the soil, save as one of a nation to whom it belongs collectively.

"How," he asks "can a man own that which he cannot carry about with him? The Spirit has given this island for the use of all the nations that dwell upon it, and every individual has an equal interest in so much ground as his whole nation is able to defend by their valor. One man may move his wigwam, his weapons, or his horses wherever he pleases, or he may leave them to his wife and children when he dies; and another man be born into the world, without inheriting even a bow and arrow to keep him from starving; but his share in the earth is just as great as is that of the richest of his tribe, for the Master of Life bestowed it upon

mankind, and not upon particular children of his favor. None of us own more than we can dig up and carry about us."

These are the notions of a barbarian, and they seem to be sure barbarous enough! but are the prevalent ideas of property as it exists among us under another form, a jot more civilized! Speak to a white man of an author's perpetual right to the productions of his mind, and how will he answer! why just about as sensibly as the Indian. He will tell you that books are intended for the good of society at large, and though it may be well to encourage their production by allowing the producer a share of the profits arising from them for a few years, yet it is preposterous to give him and his heirs a permanent interest, an exclusive estate in what should sooner or later belong to the public generally.

The man reasons thus because such are the peculiar notions of property in which he has been educated, and it would be as idle to quarrel with his illiberality and obtuseness, as to take exception to the simple views of his Indian brother. But we did injustice to the latter, in saying the two discoursed equally sensibly. The Indian's loose ideas about real estate, have a better basis than those of the white man, regarding copyright. Let us offer an illustration.

Some two hundred years ago there was a creature of the British Court, who, for some forgotten service rendered, received from the Crown a grant of land, being the estate of some attainted traitor. The man, we will suppose, deserved his title deeds for fair and worthy services of which this property was the reward, and his descendants enjoy the domain to this day, though *those services perished with their ancestor*.

In the same year that this courtier entered into that entailed possession, there was an author, one William Shakspeare, who published the first edition of his collected works; being an intellectual estate built up by his own genius and industry. That estate, if secured by law to him and his heirs, would have been at least as noble a foundation for a baronial house as that of his contemporary courtier. But mark the contrast! The pecuniary interest of Shakspeare and his family in this property expires before his death! *Yet the services which he rendered his country are in course of operation to this day.*

How in this parallel does the European's ideas of property compare with those of the Indian! The theories of the latter have at least a show of philosophical truth about them; but the practise of the former is inconsistent to a degree that is farcical. He rewards the service of a day with an estate in perpetuity. But those immortal benefactors who stretch their arms beyond their own time, and embrace countless generations within the sphere of their benefits, are deprived in a few years of all pecuniary return from their labours.

We called this inconsistency, farcical, and indeed one cannot help smiling at the whimsical though monstrous position in which the policy of society places those who live by their writings. Among mankind Death is the principal agent in stripping a man of his possessions; but among *authorkind* the Law invariably steps in to perform the same office should death loiter by the way.

PROFESSOR ESPY'S LECTURES ON THE LAW OF STORMS.—There is something new under the sun after all, and the curiosity excited to learn and comprehend this marvellous novelty is creditable to this truth-seeking, philosophic age, and especially complimentary to the gentleman who proposes, not merely to explain to us the phenomena of storms, but to show that rain may be produced *artificially* in all times of drought. Now this is an achievement that altogether eclipses the wonders of steam, the secrets of Phrenology—and the miracles of Animal-Magnetism. We have not enjoyed sufficient leisure to attend one of the learned gentleman's lectures, but they must be vastly amusing. We learn that there can be no doubt of the success of an experiment, if the citizens in any section of our country would submit to a general conflagration over a specified tract—for instance, over a single State—or on both sides of a tolerable sized river, like the Ohio. Nothing short of some experiment of this magnitude, will fully illustrate the truth and usefulness of this grand discovery, and if our people will refuse the use of their houses—barns—fences—crops—and woodlands, they should not complain that no *practical* application of the theory has yet been entirely successful. The witty editor of the Philadelphia Gazette hints at the possession of power by the Professor himself, that shames the "cloud-compelling Jove," and sinks "*Jupiter tonans*" to a mere brawler. The editor says—

"The fact is a curious one, that since Mr. Espy left Philadelphia, the weather has been bright and beautiful; before, it was for weeks that the sky wrought and was tempestuous, and the town drenched in showers. Thus far, too, it has been very rainy all along his track. We fear that the public will begin to dislike him soon, if, though competent to *begin* a "wet spell" he does not become more discreet or merciful in stopping his waters. Men dislike a sempiternal drizzle; and if he would not be shunned like a thunderstorm, he should economize his rains, and 'treasures of the hail.'"

His doings in the South,—for like the United States Bank, he operates at distant points,—are thus set down in the Louisville Journal—

"Mr. Espy lately sent a hail-storm through Maryland. His hail stones

were as large as hens' eggs. Several citizens, who had their skulls nearly broken intend prosecuting him for assault and battery."

It may all be very well "to poke fun" at a discovery so sublime in its effects and so useful in its application, while we are drenched with rain, and cistern water is in plenty; but let the "dog star reign" awhile, let our fields become parched, and our throats unslaked, and "every tongue through utter drought is withered at the root," then the tune will be changed, and "water! water! every where, nor any drop to drink," will be the cry, and then, and not till then, will the omnipotence of this theory be appreciated, and its marvellous results made manifest.

SUMMER QUARTERS.

The Town hath not yet gone into a state of "retiracy," but there are symptoms of an early sequestration this summer. The steamboats are already filled with pale, uneasy looking gentlemen, peering about for some cheap hole into which they can thrust their wives and children, to keep them out of the way of the Corporation and Hydrophobia during the summer heats.

"I don't care, my dear," says Mrs. Gubbins to her Mr. G., "I'm sure, I don't care whether it be on the sea-side or the mountains, but you must find some light, cheap shed of a place, where we can manage to get through the summer with the children."

"Get through the summer"—quotha! So talk the rich. They must contrive somehow to *exist* through the balmy season, in which alone the poor may be said to *live*. There are thousands of people like the Gubbinses in this goodly city. A quality of folk that dwelleth in tall houses, treadeth on Turkey carpets—eateth dinners that were cooked in France, to be freshly here warmed up for them; are surrounded by fantastic and costly furniture, that would plenish a dozen cottages; and give entertainments, whose expense, in the course of a winter, would build a comfortable country homestead.

Where do they go in summer?

The airy rooms of their large city mansions—prodigal of every comfort and luxury, are deserted—the numerous servants, to whose care and attendance they are habituated, are discharged or put upon the half-pay list, "unattached"—and you find the old people, with all the little Gubbinses, screwed up into a pair of narrow chambers, at some heated and fussy watering place, or you discover them broiling beneath the sloping eaves of some crowded farm-house, that looks out upon the dusty highway. Temporary Tophets where amiable women are fevered into bad tempers, and young children ail of every kind of complaint.

Now, why not reverse this order of things? Why not lay out the money squandered upon some tawdry city dwelling, in providing a comfortable, rural homestead; and, if half of the year is to be spent at lodgings, choose the winter season for this kind of loafing, and avail yourselves of some of the capital hotels and boarding houses with which the city is filled to repletion! Why not make the country your home—the scene of your permanent domestic pleasures and associations, and keep the town, which is already the scene of your toils, for your fashionable gaities, if you will not eschew Fashion altogether.

There are twenty miles of the most glorious building sites in the world, upon the top of the Palisades, and twenty thousand other villa situations can be found within as many miles of the city, if people only cared to look for them. Staten Island alone, might be turned into a sort of Regent's Park, supplying ten thousand of them, and the Long Island shore, with West Chester, and the banks of the Passaic, would furnish forth the remaining half-score of thousands. Our people are coming gradually into a taste for this sort of thing, but as the movement is too slow to keep pace with the plans of speculators, we beg leave to suggest something for the benefit of this deserving class, that we think would be sure to take.

At the Virginia Springs, as many of our readers know, visitors, instead of being accommodated, as at our watering places, in large hotels, occupy distinct cottages, which are clustered around a grassy esplanade, in the centre of which stands a café or eating house, whose kitchen and servants are for the use of all. Now, why not adopt this plan of living, and carry it out with all the additional accessories that taste and capital afford in this region?

Choose some airy promontory of the Hudson; lay out some five hundred cottage sites upon it; each according to the nature of the ground, with areas of from one to five acres, dotted here and there throughout a park; whose general use shall be guaranteed to all of them forever, with a special provision that not one dwelling shall be added to the original number agreed upon. Reserve the most accessible, if not the most picturesque spot for a hotel, and let those who only choose the place for a temporary residence, have the convenience of being supplied from its larder.

The different places held in fee, though in themselves so small as country seats, would have most of the advantages of extensive villa grounds by the "rights of common" over a large surface, attached to them in perpetuity; and the regulations for keeping the common grounds in order, might be copied from those of Regent's Park, or other institutions of the

kind in England, where taste and experience has reduced the system to order.

If such a plan were thoroughly digested and arranged with all the necessary provisions and guarantees for the conservation of good taste and good faith, in carrying it into effect, we doubt not that there are very many who would gladly avail themselves of such an opportunity of providing summer quarters, which would always be ready for their own occupancy, and which, when rented occasionally for a season, would always command a premium.

LITERATURE.

Means and Ends, or Self Training, by the author of Redwood, &c., 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston, Marsh, Capon, Lyon, and Webb.

Some authors write to amuse, some to instruct, and some to aid in the formation of character. Miss Sedgwick has done all, and done them well too,—but it is when having the last object in view, that we deem her writings most valuable. It is to the women of her country that she chiefly addresses herself, and let them but be well educated, and we will trust to the mothers for the character of the men.

The object of the book before us is to aid young women in *self education*. It is intended for girls between the ages of ten and sixteen. It may be read to advantage by all who do not consider themselves too old to improve. It is not written for those exclusively who are termed *young ladies*, for the author does not believe in any such fixed class in the country.

"What ever there is," said Miss Sedgwick, "that characterises a young lady, which is important to a rational being, may be attained by every thinking and ready young woman in our land." There can be no harm done by preaching this doctrine; but as we deem it wholly unsound, we cannot let it pass, merely because it comes from a writer, to whose general opinions we attach so much weight. A lady or gentleman cannot be manufactured to order by any modern process of utilitarianism. Mental refinement and good breeding is in some a born gift. There have been, and doubtless still are, in every rank of life, instances of its existing by the grace of nature, like any other of her endowments; but thorough courtesy and high-mindedness, are more often the result of "gentle nurture," commencing in extreme childhood, and influencing the individual until the character is completely formed. The possessor of such qualities, whether they spring from natural endowment or from education, does belong to "a fixed class" in every civilized country, and no accident of fortune can expel him from it. His political privileges may be reft from him, if he be an European noble; his wealth may take wings to itself, if he be an American merchant; but his social position, which does not depend upon these extrinsic circumstances, is not necessarily affected by the accidents of either; while his self respect, his principles, his feelings, and manners remain unchanged with his fortune—he is still a gentleman. Such is the fact; but after all, of what great importance is it? a mere gentleman, or a mere lady is, after all, a very insipid personage, unless he or she possess talents or acquirements which make them not merely agreeable, but useful to themselves or to others.

Now this sensible little work of Miss Sedgwick's is a capital guide in giving the essentials of real respectability and happiness. There are many chapters which we would gladly extract, did our limits permit us—particularly the theme upon "Housewifery," "Health," "Talent," and the "Love of Nature." Health is, by common consent, the first of earthly blessings—"it should be considered a *duty*," says Miss Sedgwick,—"You must study the laws on which it depends, and obey them." Would that our fair but fragile countrywomen could be persuaded of this; and instead of the sickly figures and sallow complexions that boy-poets call "interesting" we should see more women wearing that, which, more even than youth itself, lends its best attraction to beauty—the charm of buoyant rosy health.

As to what Miss Sedgwick says of housewifery as an accomplishment, we think that some of our lady readers will be not a little shocked at finding a knowledge of so humble an art required of them. What think they, then, when they are told that this same humble acquirement is indispensable in a *gentleman* in the two professions which are thought the most decidedly to stamp that character? The officers of the army and navy are required to obtain even a minute knowledge of all that ministers to what may be called the *domestic* conveniences and comforts of the men under their charge. We have more than once seen as gallant and handsome a young fellow as ever dazzled the eyes of a ball-room belle with his uniform, inspecting pots, and pans, and kettles, tasting soups, and overhauling bedding with all the grave scrutiny of the most notable housewife. And, in fact, if ignorant or slothful in this department of his duty, an officer is wholly unfitted to be entrusted with a command. The health and consequent efficiency of soldiers upon service depends mainly upon such minute attention to their personal habits. If a man, then, amid all the pomp and circumstance of war, can bring himself to the zealous fulfilment of those humble and apparently trivial duties, surely a woman, in becom-

ing mistress of a household, should be willing to perform them upon the much smaller scale wherein they are required of her!

"A cultivation of the love of nature," Miss Sedgwick urges upon her disciples as a source of pleasure that in no condition or stage of life can fail them. Upon this topic we could readily enlarge with pleasure, but as we design copying next week the chapter upon the subject, we would rather it should commend itself to our readers in the language of the gifted writer herself.

Phantasmion, 2 vols., Samuel Coleman.

This elegant production of Mrs. Coleridge was briefly referred to in our columns last week, and is doubtless already in the hands of many of our readers, who cannot but be delighted with the subtle spirit of poetry and refinement by which the whole work is pervaded. For some tastes, indeed, it will prove too fanciful. The disposition of the age being rather to grasp at the real than the ideal, even in works of elegant literature. Such books, however, are required to correct the ultra spirit of utilitarianism that is rife among us. The intellect of man is made up as much of imagination as of reason, and he who addresses the latter faculty alone, may impress the truth he would teach upon the understanding, but can never bring them home to the heart. And this he knew full well who taught upon the Mount of Olives, and in the garden of Gethsemane. The parables of the Gospel, apart from the religious sanction which hallows them, must remain as models for the essayist through all time. But we, in our presumptuous wisdom, are striving all we can to divorce fancy and reason, and send truth on her errands through the world, not as of old, "in airy fiction dress'd," but after a fashion that makes one shiver with sympathy at her nakedness. That man would deserve well of the Republic,—who would get up a sixpenny edition of the "Arabian Nights;" nor is he wholly without merit, who induces as many as he can to read *Phantasmion*.

Adam Buff, and other men of character, by Douglas Jerrold; 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard.

The admirers of Theodore Hook's writings will find entertainment in this collection of stories; the author has the same characteristic vein of humour and drollery, while his jokes are not repeated and spun out to the same degree that sometimes makes Mr. Hook tiresome when handling his favourite themes.

The Adventures of Harry Franco. 2 vols. J. Saunders. New York.

We have not dipped far into this new novel of American life, but we so much like what we have read, that we lose no time in calling our readers' attention to what we think will prove upon perusal, a most entertaining work. The style reminds us of Peter Simple. It is easy, flowing, and natural, and well suited to the incident. Those in the earlier part of the work are of the simplest kind, and it is no mean proof of the ability of the writer, that he succeeds in making them interesting. The author, whoever he be, is evidently a minute observer of men and manners, and his humour is enriched by a knowledge and use of the quaint slang of this metropolis, worthy of the inimitable Sam Weller himself.

We have still several works upon our table, but shall bring up all such arrears next week.

MR. SULLY'S PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.—If there be any truth in the theories of Lavater or Spurzheim, then will our citizens have no inconsiderable insight into the character of the youthful sovereign of the British Empire. In every show shop, in every bookseller's window, and in half the parlors in the city may be seen a "decided likeness" of her Majesty. But let no one who has merely enjoyed these pictures of Royalty imagine he has seen a true and faithful semblance of the high-born maiden. Other portraits represent her as a youthful Semiramis—a crowned Christina; but visit Sully's breathing, life-like portraiture of England's Queen, and the dignity and pomp of state will vanish, and there stands revealed before you a maiden youth, "a fair vestal throned in the West," of an aspect so innocent and lovely, and with a step so firm yet sylph-like, that Republicans as we are, we were half inclined to bow the knee in homage—to her sex at least. This beautiful specimen of his art has been sent to our city by Mr. Sully for exhibition, and may be seen at 155 Broadway.

FRANCIS.—Sail or drive there is no pleasanter afternoon excursion upon this island than that to Francis'. Have you been there yet, reader, and seen into what a delicious little corner of Bloomingdale he has tucked away himself and his life boats? His place stands at the end of the green lane running down toward Striker's Bay. You will know it by the pleasure craft in different stages of forwardness that are scattered over his lawn; and probably you will see a little life-boat toppling about like a crab apple in a tankard upon the pond before his door. You may get a good segar at his bar, and lounge under the trees with the afternoon papers, which you will find upon his table; or you may swim in his gondola, or be preserved for an hour in one of his life-boats, as the humour serves you.

Mr. Francis has now brought his ingenious improvements in boat-build-

ing to great perfection, and we were happy, upon seeing a man-of-war anchored before his door the other day, to find that government is about to avail itself of his mechanical skill in our naval service. His best life-boats are those constructed entirely by himself; but the principle which gives them their chief value can be applied by him to any ordinary boat in a few hours, and he has already attached the improvement to several pleasure yachts, which have been brought to him, from up the North river, for the purpose. The last exercise of his mechanical invention, however, is in the construction of a metallic rowlock, for which he has taken out a patent, and which for ships boats, and pleasure craft, must supersede all others now in use when it comes to be known.

THE FINE ARTS.—Doughty, who is spending his summer at Fishkill landing, upon the Hudson, has already executed several beautiful landscapes of the romantic country in his neighbourhood. As there is no part of the river more rich in scenic attraction and legendry association, than that around Newburgh bay, these pictures will be among the most interesting and valuable things that have ever come from his pencil.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The trees do not oftener put on their summer robes, —the flowers do not oftener burst their buds and dispense their fragrance to each passing breeze, than our friend Niblo plans some new means to enhance the pleasures of his splendid promenade. Every year he invents and creates some striking novelty—lays out his grounds on a new plan—refits or rebuilds a new saloon, so that the most constant frequenter of his garden of one year comes into it the next a stranger to its beauties and its delicious shades. Thus it is this summer. With almost a prodigal expenditure of money he has given to this Arcadian resort entirely new features, and has imparted to it new attractions and tasteful improvements. It has recently been opened for the season, and is nightly filled to repletion by citizens and strangers, who find there various sources of pleasure and relaxation from the fatigues of the day.—On another occasion we will resume this subject and touch on the entertainments of the garden; till when, success attend its liberal and generous proprietor.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER.—The new impulses which have recently been given to the interests to which this splendid Magazine is devoted, are calculated to enhance its value, and make it one of the most readable and acceptable periodicals in our country. In it, the breeder—the sportsman—the farmer, indeed, almost every gentleman in this agricultural country will find a rich fund of instruction in the most attractive form. The beautiful embellishments in the June No. evince a determination to spare no expense in rendering the casket worthy the gems it contains. The contents are varied, and are of the most interesting character. We availed ourselves last week of a vigorously sketched scene, "The First day in the Woodlands," written expressly for the Register. Its success must be certain—for no publication of equal merit ever languished in this country for the want of patronage.

ROYAL EDITOR.—A literary Hebdomadal has been started at Munich (Bavaria) with the extraordinary title of *Theebletter* (*Tea-Leaves*). One of the Editors is of the Royal Family, the Duke Maximilian, who furnished the first number with a brilliant dissertation on the state of German literature.

PRECOCIOUS BOWIE-ITE.—Near Aix-la-chapelle, a brother and sister, the former aged sixteen years, the latter twelve, were playing cards together; the girl deviating from some of the rules of the game, received a slap in the face from her brother; she instantly snatched a knife that lay upon the table and plunged it to his heart.

EARLY MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The Countess of Pava, who has just completed her *twelfth* year, is about to be married to the Marquis de Fagal, son of the Duke de Palmella, the friend and adviser of Donna Maria. The young Countess' fortune is about ten millions of dollars. Worth having!!

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.—At Paris, early in May, an English gentleman, attacked, doubtless, by that unfortunate malady yclept, the Blue Devils, determined to pay a visit to the other world. He procured a hack and desired to be taken to Neuilly. When the driver had completed the journey he opened the coach door, and was thunderstruck at seeing his "fare" stark naked. The unfortunate man darted past him, ran with furious speed to the Seine, and precipitated himself into the current. The driver followed at full speed, took off his coat, hat, and boots, and swam to the rescue of the drowning victim, whom he seized by the nape of the neck and dragged on shore in safety. The Englishman was in a desperate rage at being thwarted in so laudable an object, he tore his hair, abused the preserver of his life, and exclaimed in a tone of phrenzy, "I am resolved to die."—"Oh! let me die." The driver, determined not to leave him in that state, bundled him into the coach, held him fast, and drawing the reins through the front windows, drove him home and left him

in proper hands. The next morning *Mr. Coachman* called for his money (some half dozen francs); he found the gentleman quietly sipping his coffee, perfectly calm, and apparently with little intention of quitting this part of creation. Not a word passed—a small purse exchanged hands—it contained ten Napoleons.

DUELLING AT JAPAN.—If a man receive offence or injury, he calls upon the aggressor, knife in hand, and plunges it into his breast. He then hands the knife to his adversary and desires him to return the compliment.

We find in a German Paper, *Die Eisenbahn* (*The Rail Road*), the following agreeable little anecdote.

THE TWO ROTHSCHILDS.—Shortly after his marriage, a shopkeeper named Joseph Rothschild established himself at Pesth, in Hungary. Business being extremely dull, he could not get his living, notwithstanding all his industry and perseverance. His young wife expected every day to become a mother, and in order to meet the extra expenses of such an event, he resolved to repair to Vienna, to endeavour to obtain a small supply of new goods on credit. Two days after his departure, his wife gave birth to a son, but was without the means of subsistence. Summoning all her strength, she wrote to her husband a letter, full of tenderness and affection, couched in language that evidently manifested the writer to have received a good education. She did not know his address, and took her chance by directing it to "J. Rothschild, Vienna." The letter carriers of the Austrian capital, knowing no one of that name but the great banker, delivered it at the office. It was opened by the benevolent head of the house, who was so moved by the pitiable situation of the suffering wife, that he immediately transmitted her a draft for a hundred guilders. He then sent for the husband and congratulating him on being a parent, offered to become godfather to the young stranger, observing at the same time that he would not lose sight of the child's interest. This is but one solitary act of the munificence of Mr. R.,—scarcely a week elapses, that he does not conjure up some smiling faces and grateful hearts.

THE SEMAPHORE DE MARSEILLES, which keeps a strict look-out for all the *Doings* in Africa, informs its readers, that on the 19th March, an Arab named Mouhamed Ben Mouga, was found guilty of stabbing, (not mortally,) his pretty young wife *Miss Haluna*. The judge sentenced him to receive eighty blows with the bastinado on the soles of his feet, to pay a fine of fifty francs, to be imprisoned seven days, and to return his wife's dower amounting to *fifty six francs*, she being permitted to re-marry and go where she pleases. Of course!

WINDFALL FOR HEIRS.—In the Augsburg Gazette, we read of the death of one Palamone, born at Bellose-Gardo, in the province of Salerno, leaving twenty four millions of Neapolitan ducats. By a concatenation of strange events he became king of part of the Island of Madagascar, where he amassed his huge fortune. Until his death he passed by the name of Francois Bounet. His heirs are his nephews, who still retain the name of Palamone.

BURNING OF THE CHELTENHAM THEATRE. On the 3d ult. the Cheltenham Theatre was totally destroyed by fire. The alarm was first given at half-past three o'clock in the morning by some gentlemen who were returning home from a party, and as the fire had by that time made some considerable progress, it must have broken out at a very early hour. The engines immediately commenced playing on the flames, but notwithstanding there being an ample supply of water, and that the fire brigade exerted themselves to the utmost, the devouring element got the better of them, and it soon became evident that all attempts to save the building would be fruitless. About five o'clock the roof fell in with a most tremendous crash, and from the extremely combustible nature of the materials of which the interior of the building was composed, the flames shot up to a most prodigious height. The heat at this time was so great, that the firemen had some difficulty in remaining at their posts, and the inhabitants of the houses on the opposite side of the street, were unable to remain in their front chambers. Although additional engines arrived in the course of the morning, the whole building, together with two or three small houses adjoining it, was completely destroyed. The Cheltenham theatre was built in 1805, by Mr. J. Watson, a coadjutor of John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, both of whom in the early part of their career had appeared on the Cheltenham boards. The house was preparing for the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Wood, at the time of the accident.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The past has been a week of continued triumphs at this house. The delightful acting of Miss Tree has given a new impulse to theatricals. The crowds that hasten with such enthusiasm to witness her performances night after night are composed of the most intelligent classes of society, and the house is thronged with more fashion and beauty than

we have seen assembled for many months. The present being this lady's last engagement, the opportunity once more to see her in her favourite characters, has been improved by all her admirers, and it is therefore not singular that her audiences should be large, for no theatre-goer would be willing to confess he did not appreciate the sterling merits of so consummate an artist.

It is to us a little singular, that Miss Tree's *Ion* should seem to be the character in which she is most admired by our citizens. Her personation of the Grecian youth is indeed a masterly performance, and long shall we retain a vivid recollection of the part; but then the tragedy is of a structure so classic, and the national superstition on which its interest is founded is so far removed from any popular sentiment of the present day, and requires such a knowledge of history to realise its influence on the inhabitants of devoted Argos, that *a priori* one would surely think that the English drama did not contain a more difficult part wherewith to catch the sympathies of the multitude, and sway their feelings with the magic power of the histrionic art. Yet such has been Miss Tree's success in *Ion*, that she will be remembered longer by the great majority of her admirers as the perfect representative of that "stripling boy" than she will as the refined and delicate personator of those charming female characters of Shakspeare, which she has made so entirely her own.

From the moment the curtain fell at the close of "Much Ado about Nothing," on the evening that Miss Tree first enacted Beatrice, we have been at no loss in determining which of all her brilliant impersonations was her *chef d'œuvre*. Her Beatrice is beyond all comparison, the best we ever saw, and he will be a fortunate man who lives to see it surpassed. It seems, indeed, a paradox, that one individual can so perfectly enact two parts presenting such entirely opposite phases of the human character and passions, and at the same time not be particularly successful in the intermediate grades. Yet so it is,—and when hereafter we shall call to mind the fair being whose melodious tones have so often impressed on us the eloquence of poetry, and whose captivating archness and genuine spirit have made us so fully realise Shakspeare's most brilliant portraiture of an English lady, then we shall see with our mind's eye the immaculate *Ion*, and the high-souled Beatrice.

Simultaneously with our going to press, does Miss Tree appear before her New York friends in the character of Beatrice for the last time previous to her departure for home. Some days since, every eligible seat in the house was taken, and the interest which is felt for one, who has so often contributed to our most refined and elevating pleasures, will, we are sure, be evinced by the audience in a manner that can leave no doubt that Miss Tree bids adieu to a wide circle of warm friends and enthusiastic admirers, who can never forget her talents as an actress, nor her virtues as a lady.

In this last engagement of Miss Tree, she has been ably supported in many characters by that most vivacious and versatile actor, Mr. Balls. We always hail his arrival amongst us, as the harbinger of fun and frolic; for to few do we owe so many hours of the gayest mirth as to this talented comedian. His walk is entirely his own, and his style if ever attempted here, is never reached by another. There are four distinguished comedians that always convulse us with laughter, and wring tears from our eyes by their inimitable touches of humor, yet how different are they all—circling in their respective orbits without a hazard of encroaching on the limits to which each is restrained by his peculiar talents,—still each possessing the power to produce the same effect upon every listener that ventures within the influence of their magic. Balls, Placide, Burton, and Powers, form a constellation of comic stars that may well occupy a place in the theatrical firmament. We probably shall never have an opportunity to see them together, but should such an event occur, we would caution every one with a disposition less sour than sulphuric acid, to look well to his waistbands and to his chance for making good his retreat, before his cachinnations have resulted in apoplexy.

Mr. Balls shortly leaves us for the Southern Theatres, where his rare talents will be amply appreciated, and we hope as amply rewarded.

THE NATIONAL.

The entertainments at this house have been mainly signalled by the efforts of the operatic company, and we are happy to learn that *La Gazza Ladra* has been received with unabated delight. A fair house at this season of the year should be esteemed a high compliment, for we know of few situations more trying to our patience during the warm evenings, than a crowded theatre, with limited means of ventilation. Alternating with opera, we see announced favourite comedies, which are well calculated to relieve the day-worn citizen and stranger from a portion of their cares, for at the National they are quite sure to make their comedies tell.

PARIS THEATRICALS.

The prolific brain of Alexander Dumas is teeming with miracles. In the course of one month he has produced no less than three grand dramas. We took occasion to notice in a former number, the first, *Madlle. Belle-*

isle, which still runs, in a tide of fortune. The second is *The Alchemist*, a play of powerful tragic interest, abounding in magnificent situations, for which the French are so justly celebrated. The author, with a boldness that few dare exercise, has laid violent hands on Milman's *Fazio* and Balzac's *Recherche de l'absolu*, together with other incidents, all of which, he, Alchemist like, has molten down in his ingenious crucible. In the plenitude of his successful career he has not even sought disguise, for one of his principal characters is *Fazio*, who is denounced in a fit of jealousy by his wife *Francesca*, but, unlike the prototype, he escapes the felon death she bespeaks for him, and is restored to her arms in peace and happiness. He has introduced a miser also, a Bartolo, under the name of Grimaldi, who is murdered on the stage by his nephew *Lélio*. *Fazio* is a concealed witness of the murder, and discovers himself, whereupon they exchange oaths of secrecy, and divide the wealth. On the treachery of *Francesca* the house is searched, the body found, *Fazio* condemned; but on the way to execution *Lélio*, the real assassin, steps forward, avows his guilt, and delivers himself up to justice. The third drama of this gifted author is *Leo Burckart*, which we shall have the pleasure to notice in a future paper.

A new opera in 3 Acts, by Scribe and Duport, music by Halevy, entitled *Les Treize*, (*The Thirteen*) succeeded at the Opera-Comique, the plot is too broad even for a French Theatre; we decline speaking of it.

At the Vaudeville, a very pretty little melo-drama, *Marie Rémond*, was produced and repeated to crowded houses.

At the Gaité, a fairy piece in 3 Acts, called the Golden Sylph, was successful. It is full of show, singing and dancing.

The wits of Paris say that Mdlle. Belle-isle has dethroned Mdlle. Rachel. (How?)

At the *Theatre des Variétés* a remarkable piece was produced, called *La Canaille* (*The Rabble*); the French Editor speaks of it thus, "*The Rabble!* This is an eminently popular subject! The Rabble, with their rags, their manners, and their slang—when I say popular, perhaps I am wrong: for the People is the Ocean and the Rabble the froth."

Pauline Garcia (sister to Malibran) previously to her quitting Paris for London, to sustain the part of *Nina*, visited daily the Lunatic Asylum at Charenton, to perfect herself in the manners and attitudes of the maniacs, a portion of that character requiring the impersonation. Ambrogetti, of old, did the same thing when preparing himself to play in Paer's celebrated Opera of *Agnese*.

LADY CHEVELEY; OR THE WOMAN OF HONOUR.

A NEW VERSION OF CHEVELEY THE MAN OF HONOUR.

This clever little satirical poem is a rejoinder to the novel of *Cheveley*, and its purpose is to show the heartlessness of a publication in which the most sacred domestic confidence was openly and shamelessly violated. Our poet has unquestionably the best of the argument; the morality of the affair is altogether on his side, for no circumstances whatever can be admitted to justify the principle upon which Lady Bulwer acted in giving her resentments a shape so repugnant to the usages, the good feelings, and the honour of society. *Cheveley* was a grave outrage on the English character; it sprang confessedly from bad passions; and was obviously coloured throughout by motives, which are in the last degree discreditable to the writer. We are aware that there is a maudlin sentiment entertained in some quarters that women are oppressed, and that they do not possess those means of defence and vindication which the other sex can exercise at pleasure. But this is a fallacy. The aggrieved of either sex have equal facilities of access to legitimate redress. If there be cases "which the law touches not," then there is an appeal to public opinion, should such an appeal be deemed advisable—a contingency that very rarely occurs. Now in the novel of *Cheveley* we have a work which affects something of the air of a public appeal, but which is in fact an evasion of justice, and a sinister attempt to prejudice opinion without furnishing a single item of evidence to sustain the result. It is designed to make a certain general impression, escaping all the while from the responsibility of uttering any tangible statement whatever; resembling very much that ingenious process which is practised with so much success by the retailers of private scandal, who, without committing themselves to the assertion of one solitary fact, contrive, nevertheless, to whisper away the character of a life. Our objection to Lady Bulwer's publication, therefore, is not that she considered it judicious to rush into print (which was, of course, a matter for her own consideration), but that when she decided upon such a step she did not take the only form—a clear, dispassionate, and ample statement of facts—by which her appeal could be understood, canvassed, and answered. We think it just to all parties that when such affairs are destined to become matter of notoriety, the real state of things should be truly and ostensibly put forward, so that those who are implicated should know the exact amount and nature of the charges, and be placed in a position to repel them if they can. In the case of *Cheveley* there are no charges, but the effect is as bad as if there were—perhaps worse. This then is the evil exhibited in the novel—that it is full of dark suggestions, which (indistinct, and indeed absurdly extravagant in themselves) make a general impression of an injurious kind; while the very constitution of this piece of ingenious malice renders reply and refutation absolutely impossible, so that a great social principle is sacrificed to the gratification of private animosity. The author of the poem before us exposes the immoral tendency of the novel in some bitter lines, and defends with enthusiasm the reputation of the slandered De Clifford. The poem is apparently the production of some very earnest but not very judicious friend, whose indignation has been awakened by the masked slander of the story, and who, upon the

impulse of the moment, has attempted to neutralise it in panegyrical verses. There is some merit and a great deal of fervor in the bagatelle—but we need hardly observe that it leaves matters of fact (or rather of fiction) exactly where it found them. The following extract is a fair example of the whole. It touches a point of some importance in reference to such publications as *Cheveley*—the effect they produce in after years upon children grown up to maturity. The mother ought not to be indifferent to this view of the subject, let the wife feel as she may:—

True, those illiterate pages may bespeak
The mind untaught, and pitifully weak,
And a mistaken chivalry of heart
Bid man uphold an erring woman's part!
She may be fair! what halo would you fling
Around a painted reptile with a sting!
Its hues are bright—'tis weak! its venom'd dart
May yet prove fatal to a trusting heart!
Oh! when a reptile's hue its sting endears,
Then shed these mawkish and degrading tears!
But mark! you smile, while nobler bosoms bleed!
A wife betrays, and you applaud the deed!
You laugh to see another's home defiled,
A mother brand the father of her child—
You see not through the vista of long years
The daughter's burning blush and scalding tears—
You know not how such blasting falsehoods bow
Young beauty's form, and sickly o'er her brow!
How, when she seeks her injured father's side,
And gazes with a fond and filial pride
On him, whose well-won fame is known where'er
Genius is recognised and truth is fair!
Oh, then you know not how her cheek will burn,
Should watchful envy to this record turn:
How she will weep o'er her unhappy fate,
Forced to condemn her whom she cannot hate!

HERRICK'S POEMS.

The neglect into which the works of Herrick have fallen, is often a matter of astonishment with the readers of English poetry. Possessing great sprightliness with an unrivalled fancy, and felicity of expression, he has also a charming grace and wantonness of manner, to which the pointed brilliancy of Moore (whose style, indeed, is founded on Herrick's,) is artful meretriciousness; his illustrations are apt and appropriate to the original image; and his conceits, though the opposite to a pure taste, are as natural as such things can be. Yet with so many excellences, and a diction unaffected by time, the works of Herrick are all but forgotten: a selection is rarely met with; and the popular knowledge of him is confined to an occasional extract in specimens of English poets, or a piece which some adventitious circumstance brings into vogue.

The grossness and indecency, not only of language but idea, which is met with in Herrick, is not sufficient to explain this neglect; for many of his poems are entirely free from this critical crime, and the subjects of some do not admit of it. His obscurity arises from another and a deeper cause. The excellence of Herrick is one of manner; his matter is borrowed, or trivial, or unnatural. Nor is this all; his subjects, his poetical ornaments, and his method of handling, as a painter would term it, are infected with the fashion of his age, or copied from antiquity. His staple materials are mythology, or conceits. Sometimes "Roses became Red," because, "being vanquished quite" in a trial whether they or his Sappho's bosom were whiter, they "blush" and retained the colour; at another time, Cupid, dancing among the flowers, dropt some nectar, which stained the rose. A cherry weeps, because his Julia's lip "outdressed" it; and the poet advises the fruit to be composed, because rubies, corals, and scarlets, all wonder at the lip's hue. In his little fables or allegories, he sometimes translates Anacreon, sometimes imitates him. In his odes he proceeds in the same manner, or takes a thought from a classic, and carries out a new idea; as, after catching a hint from the opening of Horace's Ode to Bacchus,

"Quo me, Bacche, rapis? tui
Plenum!"

he sinks to a lower key—

Whither dost thou hurry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee!
This way, that way, that way this,
Here and there a fresh love is;
That doth like me, this doth please:
Thus a thousand mistresses
I have now; yet I alone,
Having all, enjoy not one.

There are better things than those we have enumerated,—that is to say, things more conformable to general nature or the indigenous feelings of his country. One of the happiest, perhaps, is his advice to Virgins:

TO THE VIRGINS,

TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worst; and worse
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, go marry ;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

HERRICK sometimes took up the native mythology of fairies and witches : but he was scarcely successful, at least if compared with SHAKESPEARE, BEN JONSON, or MILTON. He wanted earnestness, and that consistency which springs from belief, or its semblance. Take as an example,

THE HAG.

The hag is astride
This night for to ride,
The Devil and she together,
Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.
A thorn or a bur
She takes for a spur ;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now ;
Through brakes and through briers,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.
No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking ;
While mischiefs by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are aworking.
The storm will arise,
And trouble the skies
This night ; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF M. G. LEWIS, AUTHOR OF "THE MONK," "CASTLE SPECTRE," &c.

This is, on the whole, a remarkably pleasant book about a very pleasant and amiable man.

The chief material of the book consists of Lewis's own letters, dating from a period of early youth. They are always spirited and clever, and now and then marked by uncommon felicity of expression. At the age of seventeen we find him at Weimar, whence he thus writes to his mother.

I am now knocking my brains against German as hard as ever I can. I take a lesson every morning ; and as I apply very seriously, I am flattered with the promises that I shall soon speak very fluently in my throat, and that I already distort my mouth with tolerable facility."

In these German experiences we find the first sprightly runnings of that romantic turn of mind with the full development of which he afterwards startled even the readers of Mrs. Radcliffe herself, alternately freezing the blood below zero or warming it to a boiling pitch. He had thus early begun his scribbling, and writes of them to his mother in this comic and characteristic strain.

Among other people to whom I have been introduced, are the sister of Schweter, the composer, and M. de Goethe, the celebrated author of Werter ; so that you must not be surprised if I should shoot myself one of these fine mornings.

"As to my own nonsense, I write and write, and yet do not find I have got a bit further in my original plan, than I was when I saw you last. I have got hold of an infernal dying man, who plagues my very heart out. He has talked for half a volume already, and seems likely to talk for half a volume more ; and I cannot manage to kill him out of the way for the life of me."

This infernal dying man revisited him no doubt in after life as Reginald of the *Castle Spectre*—that venerable and perishing individual, of whom an eccentric country actor is said to have declared that he had been for upwards of seventeen years immured in the dungeons of his own castle—that he had not tasted food of any description during the whole of that blessed time—and that he felt in consequence too weak to drag his "hind legs" after him. •

A specimen of his literary efforts at the same period in another walk, shows decided success. It is from a poetical squib, here published for the first time, against a Member of the then House of Commons :—

By throttling, show your public zeal ;
Your death shall prove your country's weal,
And end all strife and wrangling :
Parties shall join the deed to praise,
And national subscriptions raise
A gibbet for thy dangling.

Then Englishmen shall say, who view
Your patriot legs in air, to you
Their gratitude expressing :
' Though various crimes his annals blot,
Now be those various crimes forgot,
His death's so great a blessing !'

But a letter of a few months' later date will better prove not only the early talent of Lewis, but the sound views he held at that time as to the

sources of the natural in writing. It is from a letter to his mother, and adverts to a previous letter he had addressed to her on a very serious and important subject.

You wish my letter had been a pathetic address. You might as well have desired it to have been a sentimental one. Either would shine in a novel, but would be perfectly ridiculous, and out of its place, when writing seriously and upon actual circumstances. Besides which, it is not the nature of a man to write pathos, but to express his sentiments as strongly and forcibly as possible. I did not sit down to think what I should write, but to write what I thought ; and since you acknowledge what I have said to be right and natural, I do not think it would have been much more to the purpose, if my letter had been stuffed with Oh's and Ah's, from the beginning to the end."

It is very odd that a man who writes in this way could not have seen further, and discovered that what would be misplaced in a serious matter of real life, must be misplaced no less in a serious effort of fiction. He by this defines, however, with wonderful exactness, the rank of his own efforts in that way. *They are mock serious.* Not so his poetry, which is often perfectly delicious.

From his early correspondence we take one or two selections more—in proof of the tact with which, even as a boy, he observed society and discriminated its absurdities.

Of the fashionable coteries of Weimar he writes after this fashion.

I continue to be well enough contented with this town. There are some things, to be sure, which are not quite so elegant and well ordered as in England ; for instance, the knives and forks are never changed, even at the duke's table ; and the ladies hawk and spit about the room in a manner the most disgusting. But as the duchesses are very affable, and every body is extremely obliging, I put up with everything else, and, upon the whole, amuse myself tolerably well.

From Germany he passes to the Hague, and there describes, with graphic force, the overwhelming stupidity of Dutch assemblies.

An unfortunate Irishman, known by the name of Lord Kerry, being the other night at one of the Dutch assemblies, and quite overcome with its stupidity, yawned so terribly that he fairly dislocated his jaw. It was immediately set again ; but he has suffered much from the accident, and is still confined by it to his bed. He is a man upwards of fifty ; and, consequently, must have been frequently *ennui*ed before. But such peculiar *ennui* was more than he had bargained for, or had power to resist. You may think this is a made anecdote ; but I assure you that I have told you the plain matter of fact. There is a Duchesse de la Force here, a sort of idiot, whom I wish you could see. She would entertain you much. Her conversation is composed of the same set of phrases, which she vents upon all occasions. One of them is "*Et les détails ?*" She said, the other day, without minding her question or his reply, "*Eh bien ! M. Dillon, y'a-t-il quelques nouvelles ?*"—" *Il n'y en a pas, Madame.*"—" *Vraiment ! et les détails ?*" When they told her that the Queen of France was dead, she asked for the *détails* ! She would make an excellent character in a comedy.

At the close of the letter from which this extract is taken, we find an interesting reference to his commencement of the celebrated romance of the *Monk*.

What do you think of my having written, in the space of ten weeks, a romance of between three and four hundred pages octavo ! I have even written out half of it fair. It is called "*The Monk*," and I am myself so much pleased with it that, if the booksellers will not buy it, I shall publish it myself.

And a few lines further on we find a note which marks his just appreciation of a rival in romantic writing, of a new and formidable style. In this brief passage he discriminates at once the failure and the success of Godwin.

As you are a novel reader, you ought to read "*Caleb Williams* ;" it is in a new style, and well written. Unluckily, the author is half a democrat.

When he returns to England, and has published the *Monk*, we are plunged with him into the very midst of theatrical properties—*Castle Spectres*, *Rugantinos*, *Adelgithas*, *Timours the Tartars*—daggers and red and blue fire. He never loses his pleasantry however—and no one laughs so heartily at himself as he.

For example—

I have begun a tragedy, in blank verse ; but I stuck in the third act, at a reconciliation between a king and a princess, the two stupidest people I ever met with.

Or in this description of a rehearsal of the *Castle Spectre*—

They were rehearsing the play, and you cannot think the amusement I had. Mrs. Jordan was not there, and the prompter, as I believe is usual in those cases, read the part. Well, there stood little Powell with his book—by-the-by, taking the opportunity of showing people that he knew something of acting—so on they went.

"Hem ! let me see—Oh—I have it !—Man, man !—(my dear sir, what are you about !)—drive me not mad !"

"Sir, I am sure I beg your pardon," replied the tyrant Osmond, bowing very politely.

And then it was so irresistibly comic, to hear that furious baron launch out,—"*Yes ! though Evelina's bleeding ghost, should flit before me, and thunder in mine ear,—(what a deuce of a noise these carpenters are making !)*"

Of his good nature in private and domestic matters these volumes offer proof not less abundant and delightful.

Take this description of one of his servants. It could never have been written by an irritable man.

He is very stupid, and very forgetful; and so awkward, that when he comes into a room, he seems to communicate the principle of life to all the books and chairs, and cups and saucers—they all tumble about. I gave him a glass jar of magnesia yesterday to put upon a shelf, under which stood a single china basin. In this shelf there was a single hole. He put the jar into the hole, upon which it fell so exactly into the basin, that he broke both. If he wants to put anything out of his hand immediately, the room appears to be chuck full; there is not a single corner unoccupied, and he turns round, and round, and round, in the most comical embarrassment possible. But if he has any thing to set down, and another to take up, he does *neither*, but performs instead *half* the motion of each. This morning I bade him get some water, for there was none in the ewer; he asked me whether I wanted to drink or to wash, as he could get it either in the tumbler or basin accordingly. He looked quite surprised at my ingenuity, when I assured him, that if he got it in the ewer, I could fill either. I am sure he is the very man who had the cat and the kitten, and when he cut a large hole in the door for the cat to go through, he cut a little one for the kitten. However, he is very humble and attentive, and now I cannot afford a servant as would exactly suit me.

Or—more striking still—take this picture of him in the midst of his negroes on his West Indian estate.

Polly is a pretty, delicate-looking girl, nursing a young child; she belongs to the mansion-house, and seems to think it as necessary a part of her duty to nurse *me* as the child. To be sure she has not as yet insisted upon suckling me; but if I open a jalousie in the evening, Polly walks in and shuts it without saying a word. "Oh, don't shut the window, Polly!"—"Night air not good for massa;" and she shuts the casement without mercy. I am drinking orangeade, or some such liquid; Polly walks up to the table, and seizes it. "Leave that jug, Polly, I am dying with thirst." "More hurt, massa!" and away go Polly and the orangeade. So that I begin to fancy myself Sancho in Baratania, and that Polly is the Senor Doctor Pedro in petticoats.

We close these volumes with only two extracts more. The first has a melancholy interest. It relates to poor Miss Ray, who was shot by Hackman.

Mrs. Lewis dined at Lord Sandwich's, in company with Miss Ray, on the very day on the evening of which she made her fatal visit to Covent Garden Theatre. During dinner it was observed by several of the guests, that Miss Ray seemed unusually depressed in spirits. Soon after the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, she modestly expressed her regret at having formed an engagement for that evening to attend the theatre, but promised to return as soon as the principal performance was over.

When the carriage was announced, and she was adjusting her dress, Mrs. Lewis happened to make some remark on a beautiful rose which Miss Ray wore in her bosom. Just as the words were uttered, the flower fell on the ground. She immediately stooped to regain it; but as she picked it up, the red leaves scattered themselves on the carpet, and the stalk alone remained in her hands. The poor girl who had been depressed in spirits before, was evidently affected by this incident, and said, in a slightly faltering voice, "I trust I am not to consider this as an evil omen!" But soon rallying, she expressed to Mrs. Lewis, in a clear tone, her hope that they would meet again after the theatre;—a hope, alas! which it was decreed should not be realized.

The last is an agreeable reference by Lewis himself, while on a visit at Inverary Castle, to Tom Sheridan and his wife.

The other morning, I happened to wake about six o'clock, and hearing the billiard-balls in motion, I put on my dressing-gown, and went into the gallery, from whence looking down into the great hall, I descried Tom Sheridan and Mr. Chester (who had not been in bed all night) playing with great eagerness. Fortunately, Tom was in the act of making a stroke on which the fate of the game depended; when I shouted to him over the balustrade, "Shame! shame! a married man!" on which he started back in a fright, missed his stroke, and lost the game.

Mrs. T. Sheridan is also here at present, very pretty, very sensible, amiable, and gentle; indeed, so gentle, that Tom insists upon it that her extreme quietness and tranquillity is a defect in her character. Above all, he accuses her of such an extreme apprehension of giving friends trouble (he says) it amounts to absolute affectation. He affirms that, when the cook has forgotten her duty, and no dinner is prepared, Mrs. Sheridan says, "Oh! pray don't get dinner on purpose for me; I'll take a dish of tea instead;" and he declares himself certain, that if she were to set her clothes on fire, she would step to the bell very quietly, and say to the servant with great gentleness and composure, "Pray, William, is there any water in the house?"—"No, madam; but I can soon get some."—"Oh! dear, no; it does not signify; I dare say the fire will go out of itself."

* In certain districts of Italy, the red rose is considered an emblem of early death; and it is an evil omen to scatter its leaves on the ground.

SKETCHES AND OUTLINES BY LORD BROUGHAM.

Of Lord THURLOW—the great bear of the bar—we have an admirable and graphic picture. We must be content with mere fragments of it. Here is Lord Thurlow on the bench:

Far from showing, like Lord Eldon, a patience which no prolixity could exhaust, and a temper which was neither to be vexed by desperate argumentation nor by endless repetition—farther still from courting protracted and renewed discussion of each matter, already worn threadbare—Lord Thurlow showed to the suitor a determined, and to the bar a surly, aspect, which made it perilous to try experiments on the limits of his patience, by making it somewhat doubtful if he had any patience at all. Aware that the judge he was addressing knew enough of their common profession not

to be imposed upon, and bore so little deference to any other as to do exactly what suited himself—nay, apprehensive that the measure of his courtesy was too scanty to obstruct the overflow in very audible sounds of the sarcastic and peremptory matter which eyes of the most fixed gloom, beneath eyebrows formed by nature to convey the abstract idea of a perfect frown, showed to be gathering or already collected—the advocate was compelled to be select in choosing his topics and temperate in handling them; and oftentimes felt reduced to a painful dilemma better fitted for the despatch than the right decision of causes, the alternative being presented of leaving material points unstated, or calling down against his client the unfavourable determination of the court. It would be incorrect to state that Lord Thurlow, in this respect equalled or even resembled Sir John Leach, with whom every consideration made way for the vanity of clearing his cause-paper in a time which rendered it physically impossible for the causes to be heard. But he certainly more nearly approached that extreme than he did the opposite, of endless delay, and habitual vacillation of expression rather than of purpose, upon which Lord Eldon made shipwreck of his judicial reputation, though possessing all the greater qualities of a lawyer and a judge.

His manner of speaking is described with an appropriateness that brings the man before us "in his habit as he lived."

Of his powers as a debater there are now no means to form an estimate, except what tradition, daily becoming more scanty and precarious, may supply. He possessed great depth of voice, rolled out his sentences with unbroken fluency, and displayed a confidence both of tone and of assertion which, accompanied by somewhat of Dr. Johnson's balanced sententiousness, often silenced when it did not convince; for of reasoning he was verbally sparing; there are those, indeed, who will have it that he never was known to do anything which, when attended to, even looked like using an argument, although, to view the speaker and carelessly to hear him, you would say he was laying waste the whole field of argumentation and dispersing and destroying all his antagonists. His aspect was more solemn and imposing than almost any other person's in public life, so much so that Mr. Fox used to say, it proved him dishonest, since no man could be so wise as he looked. Nor did he neglect any of the external circumstances, how trifling soever, by which attention and deference could be secured on the part of his audience. Not only were his periods well rounded, and the connecting matter or continuing phrases well flung in, but the tongue was so hung as to make the sonorous voice peal through the hall, and appear to convey things which it would be awful to examine too near, and perilous to question. Nay, to the more trivial circumstance of his place, when addressing the House of Lords, he scrupulously attended. He rose slowly from his seat; he left the woolsack with deliberation; but he went not to the nearest place like ordinary Chancellors, the sons of mortal men; he drew back by a pace or two, and, standing as it were askance, and partly behind the huge bale he had quitted for a season, he began to pour out, first in a growl, and then in a clear and louder roll, the matter which he had to deliver, and which for the most part consisted in some positive assertions, some personal vituperation, some sarcasms at classes, some sentences pronounced upon individuals as if they were standing before him for judgment, some vague mysterious threats of things purposely not expressed, and abundant protestations of conscience and duty, in which they who keep the consciences of Kings are somewhat apt to indulge.

In surveying the life and merits of Lord MANSFIELD, the author endeavors to rescue him from the withering invectives of JUNIUS, and to show, which few people will readily credit, that Lord Mansfield was a better and a greater man than he is generally held to have been, and that Junius was a brilliant rather than a solid writer, which cannot be controverted. After exposing the legal errors—which appear to have been marvellous—of Junius, Lord Brougham goes on to urge the importance of refuting slanderous charges based on ignorance.

These things are far indeed from being unimportant. They affect essentially the question of judicial reputation. They show upon what kind of grounds the fabric of a great man's professional fame, as well as the purity of his moral character, were assailed by the unprincipled violence of party at the instigation of their ignorance, skulking behind a signature made famous by epigrammatic language and the boldness of being venturesome in the person of a printer who gained by allowing dastardly slander to act through him with a vicarious courage. They lead to reduce the estimate of such an author's value as much as they raise the reputation of those whom, from his lurking-place, he had assailed; and they read a memorable lesson to the people, if upon such subjects the people ever can be taught, not to repose confidence in those who are unknown against men whose whole lives are passed in the face of open day, and under the constant security of personal responsibility. Nor let it be forgotten upon what flimsy pretences the country was required to embark in a persecution of Lord Mansfield. Nor let it cease to be remembered that upon such grounds as we have been surveying, the most popular writers of the day were suffered to call him "cowardly"—"cunning"—"dishonest"—"a juggler"—"a bad man and a worse judge"—"a creature at one time hateful, at another contemptible"—"one meriting every term of reproach and every idea of detraction the mind can form"—"a cunning Scotchman, who never speaks truth without a fraudulent design"—"a man of whom it is affirmed with the most solemn appeal to God, that he is the very worst and most dangerous man in the kingdom."

In all this there is much truth, and not a little resentment. Lord Brougham assails Junius on grounds which a lawyer alone could occupy. But the following sketch of Junius is just and accurate.

It may surely be said with justice, that such disclosures as these, while they reduce to their true level the claims of Junius to fame, easily account for the author having died and kept his own secret. He appears to have been a person in whose bosom every fierce and malignant passion raged without the control of a sound judgment, and without any kindly feeling to attemper his nature. Writing at a time when good or even correct com-

position was little studied, and in the newspapers hardly ever met with, his polished style, though very far from being a correct one, and farther still from good pure English, being made the vehicle of abuse, sarcasm, and pointed invective, naturally excited a degree of attention which was further maintained, by the boldness of his proceedings. No man can read a page of any letter without perceiving that the writer has but one way of handling every subject, and that he constructs his sentences with the sole design of saying the most bitter things he can in the most striking way, without ever regarding in the least degree their being applicable or inapplicable to the object of the attack. The consequence is, that the greater part of his invective will just suit one bad man or wicked minister as well as another. It is highly probable that whoever he might be, he had often attacked those with whom he lived on intimate terms, or to whom he was under obligations. This affords an additional reason for his dying unrevealed. That he was neither Lord Ashburton, nor any other lawyer, is proved by what we have said of his gross ignorance of law. To hold that he was Mr. Francis is libelling that gentleman's memory; and although much external evidence occurs in pointing towards him, he certainly never wrote anything of the same kind in his own character.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Perhaps there is no one subject in the whole range of English historical literature, more identified with our earliest associations, than that of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. Almost in the nursery our tenderest feelings are enlisted in her beauty and her sufferings. At school, the beautiful Mary and the vindictive Elizabeth are invariably presented to us in striking contrast; and in maturer age we find it difficult to erase the early impressions from the tablet of memory, to admit that Mary could have been more criminal than she was beautiful, or to reflect on the possibility that Elizabeth might have been justified in her rigorous proceedings against her without being influenced either by vanity or jealousy. The very name of Mary is a spell. It has inspired the loftiest thoughts of the musician—poets have dreamed of her—novelists have feasted their imaginations upon her woes—and historians have exhausted their powers on the side they have espoused, either to clear her reputation before the world and to bring her from the fiery ordeal pure as the unsunned snows of her native realm, or, on the other hand, to hold her up for the finger of scorn to point at, as the basest and most worthless criminal in the page of history.

From the period of her death, and even before that tragical event, this controversy has been at intervals carried on; parties have run high in criminating and indicating; violent opinions on both sides have been maintained, more by obstinacy than argument, and the assertions of one party have been met by the assertions of the other; while the proofs, the only proofs that could by possibility place the whole transaction on the proper basis on which it ought to rest, have quietly slumbered on their shelves in the State Paper Office, seldom disturbed by the researches of either friend or foe.

Without entering into the question of the designs of the rebels and traitors with whom, during the latter years of her imprisonment, Mary suffered herself to become connected, or of the most powerful cravings of nature, to free herself from the frightful imprisonment which she had so long endured, it is sufficient to state that, during the summer and autumn of the year 1586, the government of Elizabeth were fully aware of the existence of an extensive correspondence between Mary and many disaffected persons in England and the Low Countries. When it became necessary for the presumed safety of Elizabeth to have this correspondence in the hands of her Government, persons fully authorised were despatched to the residence of Mary, and during her absence, on pretence of a hunting party, her private closet was broken open, her cabinet ransacked, and all her private papers seized, attested, sealed up, and sent to London. The result is soon told: her condemnation and execution followed with frightful rapidity.

Here, then, are the only evidences on which the crimes of Mary, or the justification of Elizabeth, must rest. For ages after the event these most interesting documents were absolutely lost in the obscurity of the State Paper Office, till about the commencement of the present century, when they were collected by Mr. Lemon, the late deputy keeper of State papers, and by him arranged, as far as was then practicable, into a chronological series, forming about eight very thick folio volumes. But the gem of this collection, the germ from which every thing must spring, was the secret portion of it, and this, to the literary world, was a sealed book. It was the object of Mary and her agents to carry on their correspondence in the most secret manner possible, and to effect this she employed the solitary hours of her imprisonment in devising the most intricate cyphers, and by that medium organized an astonishing system of secret correspondence. To those accustomed to historical research in the Cottonian and other collections in the British Museum, the term *cypher* will be pretty well understood, as much of the diplomacy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in those collections, was carried on in cypher, and numbers of letters still exist there in an undeciphered state. At first, the cyphers were extremely simple, a single character was made to represent a single letter; but, as correspondence became either hazardous or important, in order to render the cypher more difficult of detection, several characters were made to represent one letter; other characters were invented having no signification, but introduced only to mislead; and again, single characters were used to express names, words, and even whole sentences. Thus, it will be evident, much intelligence could be conveyed in a very small space, and in most secret manner. Of the volumes before mentioned in the State Paper Office, three or four were almost wholly composed of these intricate cyphers, and by far the most of them were undeciphered; and they have been useless for the purpose of history, to the present day. What will the lovers of literature say—how will the historian and biographer rejoice to learn that this mass of hitherto unavailable treasure has been carefully revised, sorted, arranged, and important additions made to it by the present Mr. Lemon, the worthy son of a most worthy sire, who succeeded his father in the state Paper Office?

We rejoice to hear that these precious documents have been brought under the notice of the Commissioners of Records, and that under their auspices these sibylline leaves are about to be presented to the world.

THE POSTMASTER OF ROUVRAY.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of Napoleon was the Postmaster of Rouvray, a small place in Burgundy, five leagues from Semur. M. Bizouard idolised him, whom he considered the master of the world. He would have sacrificed his fortune, wife, children, and his own life, to the slightest wish of the Emperor, and was seen alternately to laugh, weep, groan, jump, chafe, shudder, kneel, cross himself, when speaking of the object of his adoration.

Nothing pleased Napoleon so much as this fanatic devotedness. He liked these frantic worshippers to be pointed out to him, and the Postmaster of Rouvray was one of those whom he most favourably noticed. M. Bizouard had access to the Tuileries whenever he wished. When he went to Paris he never omitted to pay a visit to the Emperor, and would do so *sans facon*, and with less ceremony than when he had to pay his respects to the Director-General of the Post Department. One day, on alighting from the diligence, he ventured, though in his travelling costume, to call upon his Imperial friend. His *sang froid* as he inquired "whether the Emperor was at home," astonished the guards and valets at the Pavillon de l'Horloge. Some laughed, others desired him to take himself off, which so kindled his wrath that the officer on guard had him lodged in the watchhouse. "At ye, coxcombs!" roared Bizouard, "do ye dare trifle with the Postmaster of Rouvray! Wait a-bit—let me have pen and ink—I'll write to the Emperor—aye, ye may stare—to the Emperor—and ye shall soon catch it!" Bizouard wrote the following:—

"Sir—The Postmaster of Rouvray, your best friend and most devoted subject, am in the watchhouse just as if I were a rioter. I don't like to waste my time any longer, and, besides, wish to see you forthwith. Please to make haste."

THE POSTMASTER OF ROUVRAY.

The Emperor received this strange note, read it, laughed, and to make up conspicuously for the insult offered to his enthusiastic adherent, despatched one of his chamberlains to have him released.

If nothing can describe the sorrow and despair which overwhelmed Bizouard when his idol was subverted in 1814, neither can language depict his astonishment, his raptures, when, on the 17th of March, 1815, Napoleon, returning from Elba, unexpectedly stood before the post-house of Rouvray, and uttered the words, "*allons*, Bizouard, my old and faithful friend, quick, quick, with your horses; I am expected at Paris." The worthy postmaster was completely bewildered. Nevertheless, all was soon bustling; the horses were put too, Bizouard's two sons were mounted, and their sire alone, who had also assumed the postillion *costume oblige*, had not yet ascended his post of honour—the back of his *porteur*. He stood pensive and serious, close to the impatient Emperor. At length he brightened up, and laughed as he exclaimed, "*ma foi*, if it make him angry, I shall be angry too," and turning to Napoleon, "I have been ten minutes," said he, "thinking how I should convey a request to you, and I am not the wiser for it. So, Sir, I shall come out with it, though I fear to offend you. I have already had the honour of driving you five times, and, I flatter myself, in double quick time, this will be the sixth. I never asked anything of you, because I am no courtier, no intriguer, but love you for yourself,, that's all. I have, however, just now a high favor, an enormous one to demand. You will, perhaps, laugh, perhaps be angry, but I shall be the happiest of men if you grant it: I ask permission to embrace you...." "Is that all, my poor Bizouard?" said Napoleon, "come, and let us be off." Bizouard rushed to the Emperor, clasped him in his arms, hugged him, and, triumphantly bestriding his *porteur*, started, *entre a terre*, and in less than an hour drove up before the post-house of Avallon, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" There Bizouard took leave of his great friend, but his parting good wishes, though enthusiastic, were expressed with sadness, and tears fell from his eyes as he joined in the acclamations of the surrounding crowd.

The disastrous news from Waterloo fell upon him as a thunderbolt. Soon after that fatal day the Postmaster of Rouvray was dismissed from that situation, next sent to prison, and tried at the Riom Assizes for having promoted the usurpation of his imperial patron, and endeavouring to avenge his fall upon the restored Government. He was acquitted, but such heavy blows impaired his health. From rich that he was he became poor, and the Revolution of 1830 found him ploughing fields which were not his own. His attachment to the memory of his departed idol long injured the success of his application to Louis Philippe's Government. At length, one afternoon, as he returned from his daily task, a letter was put into his hands, the contents of which extracted from him a "*Vive l'Empereur!*" meant to be a "*Vive le Roi!*" M. Bizouard was informed that through the Duke of Orleans' personal interference that he was restored to the office of Postmaster of Rouvray.

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